

Leatherneck

DEC. 1953

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

25c

TREASURE
ISLAND

HONOR
GUARD



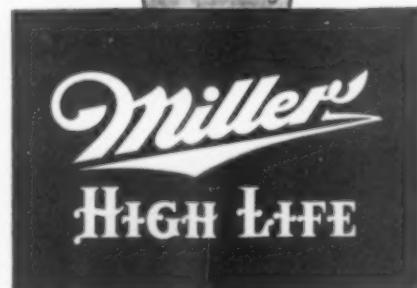


After all...

It's the Champagne of Bottle Beer

Pocket hits or "Brooklyns" . . . lucky breaks or hair-tearing taps . . . however your game may go . . . you find rare pleasure in the clattering companionship of the bowling alley and the friendly refreshment that's a traditional part of the game.

And in countless bowling alleys the country over, the fifth frame favorite is golden, gleaming MILLER HIGH LIFE . . . after all, it's the Champagne of Bottle Beer!



THE NATIONAL CHAMPION OF QUALITY SINCE 1855

© Miller Brewing Company
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

World record para-drop—more men,

in less time from fewer planes

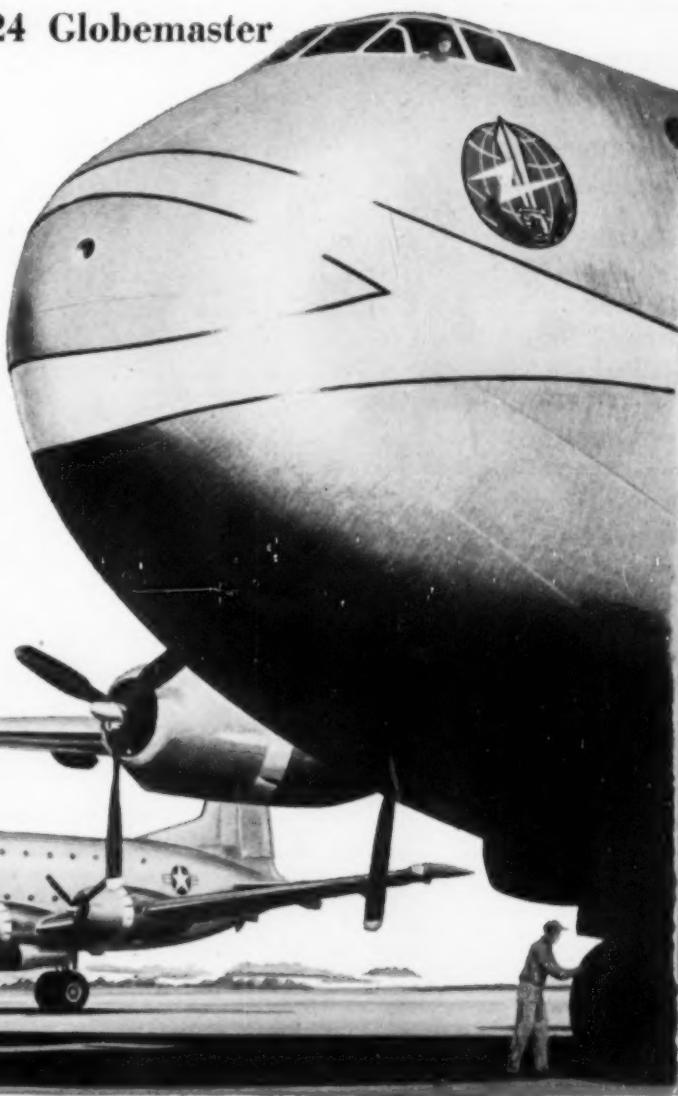


with the—Douglas C-124 Globemaster

Nine Douglas C-124 Globemasters of the 18th Air Force, 62nd Group, 7th Squadron, cruised above Fort Bragg. Seconds later, more than a thousand paratroopers had hit the silk...were floating down on the drop zone.

For this record-breaking drop, Globemaster—the Air Force's largest operational transport plane—was a logical choice. Clamshell doors, located in the nose, make loading of troops or materiel fast and easy. Load space is two stories high...gross weight at take-off, 87½ tons. A single Globemaster can transport 200 armed troops across the Atlantic—deliver 25-ton loads of tanks, cranes, loaded trucks to fill immediate needs at bases anywhere in the world.

Performance of the C-124 Globemaster is another example of Douglas leadership in aviation. Planes that can be produced in quantity to fly faster and farther with a bigger payload is a basic rule of Douglas design.



Enlist to fly in the U. S. Air Force

Depend on **DOUGLAS**



First in Aviation

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LEATHERNECK, DECEMBER, 1953

VOLUME XXXVI, NUMBER 12

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WEST COAST BUREAU: MSgt. Steven Marcus and TSgt. Charles Tyler.

FAR EAST BUREAU: MSgts. Roy Heinecke and J. W. Richardson.

Sound Off



Edited by MSgt. Harry Pugh

SPECIAL MEDAL

Dear Sir:

I read in the newspaper a few weeks ago that a special medal for Korea was ordered by the Defense Department. Here is what the paper said: "The Defense Department has ordered issuance of a special medal and ribbon to recognize honorable military service during the period of the Korean war."

Does that mean a man who served during that time, but did not go to Korea, can receive one of these medals? If so, will you print in your magazine how to get one?

Mr. Thomas Dimes
28 First Street,
Yonkers, New York

All members of the Armed Forces having honorable active service for any period between June 27, 1950, and a terminal date not yet announced, will be awarded the newly-authorized National Defense Service Medal.

However, reservists who served on active duty for training or whose active duty consisted of short tours to serve on boards, courts, etc., will not be eligible for the award. Also ineligible are those persons who have been called to active duty and immediately released because of physical disabilities.

The medal will be distributed by the Decorations and Medals Branch, Headquarters, Marine Corps, when it becomes available. Ribbons will not be

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

LOOKS LIKE ALL hands accepted the invitation to the Christmas Ball. George Booth, former Leatherneck staff artist, has included all the usual types. Look around; if you can't find a prototype of your buddy, we'd like to hear about him!

If you want a Treat
instead of a Treatment...

smoke **Old Golds**

REGULAR AND KING SIZE



WE'RE TOBACCO MEN—
NOT MEDICINE MEN

OLD GOLD cures just one
thing—the world's best to-
bacco. And now you can
enjoy the same famous OLD
GOLD blend in both Regular
and King Size.



Posed by
PENNY EDWARDS
rising young star



Tickles her fancy

Here's what shapely Fran Keegan has to say about Mennen Skin Bracer, America's favorite after-shave lotion. "I just love that he-man aroma . . . it tickles my fancy! Whenever I whiff that wonderful scent, I want to say 'Come a little closer!'"

Take it from Fran Keegan—the girls really love that he-man aroma. But what Fran doesn't know is that great "wake-up your face" feeling men get from Mennen Skin Bracer. Cooling, soothing—helps heal tiny razor nicks, too. The perfect after-shave lotion!

Wakes up your face
Wows the ladies

At your PX, Ship's Service,
or nearest drug counter



SOUND OFF

[continued from page 2]

issued but they may be obtained at Marine Corps Exchanges and commercial military stores.—Ed.

EMBARRASSED

Dear Sir:

I am a staff sergeant and will soon have nine years in the service. However, three and one-half of these years were spent in the U. S. Navy, and the rest in the U. S. Marines. The other day we got on the subject of embarrassing things that seem to keep happening all the time and my subject was my time in the service and my serial number. They just don't go together. My serial number is 1080035 which does not warrant me wearing two hash-marks, and at times has caused me uncomfortable explaining.

Could you tell me if there is any chance of me getting my serial number changed to a suitable one—to more or less correspond with my nine years of service?

SSgt. Fred W. Steulenburger
VMH-121, MAG-12,
First Marine Air Wing, FMF,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● Your service number cannot be changed. However, you may tell your friends that service numbers do not necessarily correspond with a person's length of service.

Blocks of numbers are issued to every Reserve and Recruitment District, and one number is assigned to each recruit when he enlists. This number is used to identify him on Marine Corps records throughout his career.

The only time a service number can be changed is when an administrative error causes the same number to be assigned to more than one man. Such an error would be detected as soon as the enlistment contracts reach HQMC, because each service number is checked against the block of numbers which were issued to the Reserve and Recruitment Districts.—Ed.

A BLAST

Dear Sir:

I feel impelled to comment on the article, "Show Makers," by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky, which appeared in the September, 1953, issue of Leatherneck.

The general impression one receives from the piece is that Sgt. (then Cpl.) Marshall Stone was mainly responsible for the production of "Saddle Up!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

What Now?

PROCTER & GAMBLE addresses a challenge to young men who will return to civilian life this year, particularly those who entered the services directly from college.

For the young, college-educated man with leadership potential and the ability to reason logically and clearly, to make and execute sound decisions, to develop original and creative ideas, Procter & Gamble offers an opportunity to grow with a growing company. Expanding rapidly in many fields, Procter & Gamble has a great need for capable young men who can be advanced *individually* in position and compensation as rapidly as each individual's ability permits.

We give below brief descriptions of the opportunities available together with some basic information about Procter & Gamble as a company:

Advertising—For this work we seek men who can take on broad marketing responsibilities quickly. The nature of this work is not advertising as most people conceive of it, but business administration within the framework of marketing and advertising.

Buying and Traffic—Buying of commodities, supplies, and equipment is a vital phase of Procter & Gamble's operation and offers opportunities for qualified men to progress to top management levels. Closely allied to Buying is the Traffic Department which deals with the movement of goods to and from our factories.

Manufacturing—Responsibility for efficient production of quality products developed to fill consumer needs rests with this group. Opportunities exist for recent graduates in Engineering or Chemistry who are interested in research, equipment design, development, and factory management.

Comptroller—This Division is our Company's center for accounting and forecasting information affecting all phases of our domestic and overseas operations. Excellent opportunity for advancement into managerial positions is offered to men with a general business education and an interest in management accounting.

Sales—Outstanding opportunities exist in the Company's sales departments to progress rapidly to responsible positions in sales management. Previous experience unnecessary as excellent training program is provided. Progress depends only upon your ability, initiative, and results.

Overseas—Interesting opportunities in the fields described above are available with subsidiary companies in major foreign cities. No contract or special language requirement. Employment highly selective since positions require early assumption of responsibility.

★ ★ ★

What is Procter & Gamble's Position In Its Industry? Procter & Gamble is the country's leading manufacturer of soaps and synthetic detergents. It is also a leader in the drug products and food industries as well as being one of the nation's largest producers of chemical pulp and glycerine.

What Is Procter & Gamble's Financial Record? The Company was founded in 1837 and has been incorporated since 1890. In all these years it has never missed a dividend to its common share holders and has shown an operating profit every year.

Is Procter & Gamble a Growing Company? Since 1900 the Company has grown rapidly and still con-

tinues to grow. During the last ten years, Procter & Gamble has introduced nine new national products.

Is Procter & Gamble a Well-Managed Company That Will Recognize My Individual Potentialities? Procter & Gamble has been voted the best managed company in the United States by the American Institute of Management, and has been given an "excellent" rating for its executive development program.

What Advancement Possibilities Does Procter & Gamble Offer Me? A man's ability determines his future at P&G. The Company "grows" its executives; it does not "hire" them. All the Company's officers have long records of employment with Procter & Gamble.

★ ★ ★

If you feel that you qualify for a position in one of the Company's operating departments and would like to know more about the department and the Company, write to:

W. L. Franz, Supervisor of Employment, Box L3, Gwynne Bldg., Sixth & Main Streets, Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

Any man or woman smoker will value this engine-turned Zippo with its quiet, tasteful design delicately executed on lustrous, high-polished chrome. \$5.75. The same model in engine-turned sterling silver is a sumptuous gift at \$24. Other Zippos \$3.50 to \$210, including tax.



GIVE ZIPPO

*and a lifetime of lights
will remind them of you*

Of course you want to give something beautiful, that will be cherished . . . the very best of its kind. That makes Zippo a unique choice for every man and woman smoker.

Zippo lighters come in a wonderful variety. Select from lustrous chrome, precious metals, delicate patterns . . . sports and hobby designs. Zippos light always, with an easy, one-zip motion . . . even in wind and rain.

And every Zippo is guaranteed to work forever. Smokers use their lighters more often than anything else they own. When you give Zippo you give a lifetime of dependable lights.

ZIPPO®

GUARANTEED TO WORK FOREVER

ZIPPO MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BRADFORD, PA.



For the modern hostess—or the desk of a business executive—this De Luxe Table Lighter is a distinctively handsome gift at \$11.50. Brilliant, high-polish chrome. Easy, one-hand operation. One easy filling lasts for weeks.

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 4]

Sgt. Stone was as capable a stage manager as could be expected in light of his having no previous experience, but "Saddle Up!" was written almost in its entirety by Sgt. Fred Fredericks, as far as lyrics and scenes were concerned.

The musical arrangements were all written by Cpl. Al Balogh and deserve the highest of commendation. MSgt. H. W. Van Doren's contribution seems also to have been slighted off even though his conducting was probably the single most important responsibility in the show.

Cpl. (then Pfc) Vince Rafti was not mentioned and he was the workhorse of the group in respect to correspondence, production detail and publicity. There are others who also went unmentioned but not unappreciated.

Capt. Robert Burr, USMCR, Officer-in-Charge of Production and Direction, "Saddle Up!" Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● We are well aware of Sergeant Fredericks' contribution toward the production. However, any misapprehensions you may hold that we have slighted Sergeant Fredericks should be traced to his modesty and his desire to play down his own accomplishments. As TSgt. Suhosky stated in his story, "Sgt. Fredericks was responsible for most of the material."

It was not the writer's purpose to overlook the work of anyone. But it is always impossible to include the name of every individual who in some measure contributes to the success of a stage production.—Ed.

ALLOTMENT CHECKS

Dear Sir:

We are four Marine wives and we would like to know something about our allotment checks. Our husbands were drafted for two years. What we would like to know is: do we get a check for every month that they are in service or do we receive only 23 checks? We had quite a debate over this and we would like to know who is correct.

Four Marine Wives
Brooklyn, New York

● If your husband entered service on the 15th of the month and was discharged on the 15th two years later, it is possible that you would receive only 22 allotment checks. This is because allotment checks are made out to cover an entire month. Any portion of a

month which is not covered by an allotment check will be credited to your husband's pay account.—Ed.

DIFFERENT OPINIONS

Dear Sir:

A difference of opinion has arisen between us and we would appreciate your help in supplying us with the correct answers. We cannot find any reference to our problem in FM 23-55, and no two people in our platoon have the same answer.

Please tell us what are the maximum effective ranges of the Browning Machine Guns Cal. 30, M 1917 A-1, and M 1919 A-4.

SSgt. Lloyd R. McGee

Sgt. Jerry D. Storey

"H" Co., 3rd Bn., Fifth Marines,
First Marine Division, FMF,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *Marine Corps Schools at Quantico says the maximum effective range for both weapons is 2000 yards.—Ed.*

RETIREMENT

Dear Sir:

I am writing you in hopes that you will answer a question for me. Some buddies and myself have quite a discussion about retirement. I am pretty sure I read in your magazine that a man retires at his highest rank ever held. Am I right or wrong?

Sgt. Wesley H. Wildrick

Marine Corps Depot of Supplies,
Barstow, California

● *You are mistaken. Our answer on retirement appeared on page 10 of the September, 1953, issue of Leatherneck and read in part: An enlisted man who has completed 30 YEARS OF ACTIVE DUTY (honorable service) may retire at 75 percent of the basic pay he was receiving at the time of retirement. If he held a higher grade in World War II, he is eligible for retirement and retired pay in the higher grade (commissioned, warrant or enlisted) SATISFACTORILY held by him for six months while on active duty between September 9, 1940, and June 30, 1946.”—Ed.*

WANTS WALKIE-TALKIE

Dear Sir:

I have been reading your magazine for quite some time and now I have run into a little problem and I thought perhaps you may be able to help.

I have been running a small Detective Agency since I got out of the Marine Corps, and I have been trying everywhere to get two walkie-talkies for the business. I am interested in an S.C.R. 536 or even an S.C.R. 300 would be fine. Is there any chance of buying them from government surplus, or pos-

Our Official Ring

"TO MARK THE FIGHTING MARINE!!"

At last! A Marine ring of quality and design striking enough to quickly identify the United States Marine in uniform or civilian dress. This is no ordinary ring merely bearing the insignia of the Marine Corps. This beautiful signet has been adopted "officially" by the Marine Corps League as the mark of the fighting Marine. The quality and distinctive character make it a lifetime souvenir of which any Marine can be proud.



A finely tooled gold Marine Corps emblem mounted on a red ruby stone, flanked by detailed modeling of historic Tun Tavern and Iwo Jima flag raising.



Designed by the Marines

A board of officers selected this ring design from hundreds of drawings and design ideas submitted by Marines as most fitting to represent the historical tradition and esprit de corps of the professional fighting men — "The United States Marine."

SOLD ONLY THROUGH THE MARINE CORPS EXCHANGES AND THE MARINE CORPS LEAGUE — Only men who have earned the title of United States Marine may wear this ring. Its sale is rigidly controlled to prevent anyone undeserving of this title from purchasing and wearing our Official Ring.

MONEY BACK

Guaranteed!

Order your ring by mail — Fill in this coupon and send it to us at once. If you are not more than satisfied with your ring, we will return your money promptly — No questions asked!!



RING SIZE: If not known, cut a narrow strip of paper and slip where the ends meet snugly around your finger. Just attach to order.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
OLD STATE CAPITOL BUILDING
BATON ROUGE, LA.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY AND STATE _____

Your Size _____

- \$37 for 10 K Gold Man's Ring
- \$14.40 for Sterling Man's Ring
- \$19.20 for 10 K Gold Marine "Sweetheart" Ring

Her Size _____

Prices include mailing charges and Federal Tax
No C.O.D.

National Marine Memorial

Your contributions should be mailed to The Marine Corps War Memorial Foundation at Headquarters, United States Marine Corps, Washington 25, D. C.

A Couple of Smoothies!



EDGEWORTH "POUCH" Super-mild blend of Kentucky white burleys!

*America's
Finest Pipe Tobacco!*



HOLIDAY "POUCH" Aromatic pipe mixture of 5 famous tobaccos!

*America's
Finest Aromatic Mixture!*

The only tobaccos sold in real, wrap-around pouches — to fit smooth and neat in your uniform!

Edgeworth and Holiday smoke smooth and cool in your pipe!

OUTSTANDING DIAMOND VALUES
WE MOUNT OUR OWN PERFECT-CUT DIAMONDS! YOU SAVE THE MIDDLEMAN'S PROFIT!
COMPARE OUR VALUES! COMPARE OUR QUALITY! NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR CREDIT.
30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

THE BROOKLYN HOUSE OF DIAMONDS



SWEETHEART SET \$45*
NF300—14K Yellow or White Gold. Sparkling diamond in engagement ring. Wedding band engraved. \$45 cash, \$20 down, \$15 mo.



BOTH RINGS \$120
NF501—14K Yellow or White Gold. Flashing peridot diamond in engagement ring. Both rings engraved. \$120 cash, or \$60 d., \$16 mo.



BOTH RINGS \$225
NF538—14K White or Yellow Gold. Brilliant center diamond and 2 matched side diamonds in engagement ring. Five fine diamonds in wedding ring. \$325 cash, or \$90 d., \$25 mo.



**\$75
SOLITAIRE**
Nb 4.4 — "Evelyn." 14K Gold with fiery diamond. \$75 cash, \$25 d., \$10 mo.



\$110
NS1207 — Smart diamond ring. 14K Yellow Gold. Set with a fiery diamond. \$110 cash, or \$55 down, \$15 mo.



GENUINE "STAR OF INDIA"
NF1401 — Heavy, 14K Yellow Gold mounting. Genuine "Star of India" stone. 2 blazing side diamonds. \$72.50 cash, or \$32.50 down, \$10 monthly.



BULOVA
NF1405—17 jewels. Natural gold color case. Sweep second hand. Matching snake chain bracelet. \$49.50 cash, or \$17 d., \$7 mo.



NF1802—15 Jewels. Natural gold color case with matching expansion bracelet. \$39.75 cash, or \$15.75 d., \$6 mo.



10K \$24.75
NF1101 — 10K Yellow Gold. Raised gold initial on Genuine Onyx top. \$24.75 cash, or \$8.75 d., \$3 mo.

FREE 44 - Page catalog. Rush at once! FREE

Post Jewelers

Name _____

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DIAMONDS, WATCHES, SILVERWARE, ETC.
"Where Every Promise is Kept"
Order by mail from Post Jewelers

DEPT. NF501
427 Flatbush Est., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

SOUND OFF (cont.)

sibly you may know of some company or some "radio ham" who would like to sell a pair.

George (Shorty) Knisely
323 West 25th Street,
Lorain, Ohio

● We suggest that you write to the Redistribution Officer, U. S. Marine Corps Supply Depot, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, and request that your name be placed on the mailing list to receive sales invitations covering the type of equipment you desire.



You may obtain the regulations for operating radios by contacting the Federal Communications Commission.—Ed.

PROMOTION TESTS

Dear Sir:

We have been debating about our promotion status. Some of us are under the impression that once your test has been waived, you need not take a test for your next promotion.

Others say that a waiver is good for only one testing period and that you must be waivered again or take the test for the next period. Some say that once the test has been taken and passed, it is not necessary to retake the test, no matter how long your promotion is delayed.

Please help us settle this debate one way or the other.

Sgt. Leroy H. Eberle
H&S Co., 3rd Bn.,
First Marine Regiment,
First Marine Division, FMF,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● A promotion test waiver is only valid for one promotion testing period unless the directive announcing the promotion testing period specifically states otherwise or authorizes the individual to be waived again. Once a promotion test has been taken and passed, no further testing is required for that rank, unless the individual loses a stripe in the meantime.

Further information may be obtained by reading Marine Corps General Order Number 117 and Marine Corps Memorandum Number 25-53.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)



What I want is a Coke

To work refreshed

About mid-morning, a break
in routine goes good—but it's ever
so much better with so-refreshing,
so-delicious, ice-cold Coca-Cola.



No War Clauses

• In our twentieth year
of service to
the Armed Forces.
Write for details.



Mutual Life Insurance Company
(An old line legal reserve company)
505 East Travis Street
San Antonio, Texas

ATTENTION MARINES!

Save 20% to 50% on diamonds, major appliances, and all nationally advertised silverware. Compare our prices on your sterling pattern. Write or phone:

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REVERE JEWELERS

735 13th Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

At a glance



ZODIAC
CALENDAR
TELLS...

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- Day
- Date
- Month
- Phases of the Moon

TIME is precious. Here's the ideal watch for active men. Combines all the features of a fine timepiece with those of a calendar as well as phases of the moon.

17 Jewels • Shock-Resistant • Sweep Second Hand • Famous Zodiac Movement.

In Gold Filled or Stainless Steel \$89.50
FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

At Ship Service Stores Everywhere

An official timepiece of
Swiss Federal Railways

Zodiac

ZODIAC WATCH AGENCY • 521 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 8]

LEGION OF MERIT

Dear Sir:

There has been considerable discussion on the Legion of Merit medal. Some seem to think that only officers receive it. I would like to know if any enlisted men have ever received this medal, and if so, how many?

Pfc Herman E. Moore

7th Training Battalion,

Marine Corps Recruit Depot,

Parris Island, S. C.

● We do not have the exact figure, but a few enlisted Marines received the Legion of Merit for their service during World War II. For information concerning the regulations which govern this decoration, read paragraph 20054.1, *Marine Corps Manual*.—Ed.

GMST ANSWERS

Dear Sir:

I would like to get some information in regard to how the GMST is determined (the questions of the test) and if by just reading the *Guidebook For Marines* one would be able to answer all the questions?



I have been told that the GMST is based on the basic fundamentals of the Marine Corps and should all be taken from the *Guidebook For Marines*. Is this correct? Also, has the Marine Corps ever accepted and authorized the *Guidebook* for the use of personnel?

Corp. Ben N. Hughes

HqBn., CLNC G-2 Section,
Second Marine Division, FMF,
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● We quote the following excerpt from *Marine Corps General Order Number 83*, which states in part: "The scope of the General Military Subjects Tests includes questions on all of the Basic Subjects listed in paragraphs 7, 8, and 9, of the General Order. Self

HIGH CALIBOR

Dear High Calibor:

We received your letters but are very sorry that we are unable to print them. Our staff is interested in knowing what you mean by "High Calibor." Sorry to hear that you want a transfer from Camp Pendleton; maybe we could do something for you if we had more information.—Ed.

study, utilizing the standard references and the *Guidebook For Marines* should be encouraged as a means of preparation for these examinations in addition to formal instruction prescribed herein."—Ed.

TRANSFUSION

Dear Sir:

In the *Leatherneck's* recent article on the Naval Medical Field Research Laboratory, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, there appears the statement, "the Physiology Department conducted long experiments, proved both methods of transfusion were effective, but that intra-arterial transfusion enabled more of the life-giving fluid to reach the parts of the body faster."

The point of our experiments was to prove that arterial transfusion was no more effective than intravenous. Your statement is exactly the reverse of our findings. We were unable to demonstrate that there was any difference in the effectiveness of arterial and intravenous transfusion. It is erroneous to give the impression that this laboratory endorses arterial transfusion. We would appreciate the publication of the corrected paragraph.

C. B. Galloway
Captain, MC, USN,
Commanding Officer,
Naval Medical Field Research Lab.,
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● Leatherneck regrets the error, Captain Galloway. What the author should have said is this: "From experimental studies, one may conclude that intra-arterial transfusion is no more effective than intravenous in the treatment of experimental hemorrhagic shock. The dangers attendant upon employment of the intra-arterial route should discourage its use. It must be stressed, however, that severe shock will require large volumes of blood given rapidly." —Ed.

COMBAT INFANTRY BADGE

Dear Sir:

I would like to know if ex-Army per-

sonnel are allowed to wear a Combat Infantry Badge while serving in the Marine Corps.

Pfc C. H. Todd
"B" Co., 5th Recruit Training
Battalion, Marine Corps
Recruit Depot,
San Diego, California

• Since the Marine Corps does not issue the Combat Infantry Badge nor any award comparable to it, Marine Corps personnel are not entitled to wear this badge on the Marine uniform.—Ed.

AIR GUNNERS

Dear Sir:

We here at the Naval Air Technical Training Center have been plagued with the question, "Does the Marine Corps have any airplanes that employ the use of air gunners?"

For quite a few months now, there have been rumors to the effect that the Corps is now equipped with "Neptune" patrol bombers (P2V). In order that we may give our students some definite answer to the above question, is there any truth to this rumor?

TSGt. G. L. Fisk
MAvD, NATTC, Bldg. 502,
Jacksonville, Florida

• The Marine Corps does not have, nor does it anticipate having, any operational aircraft which employ an aerial gunner. There is, however, one P2V (Neptune) aircraft assigned to the Marine Corps for Research and Development purposes.—Ed.

TOO LATE

Dear Sir:

I was discharged as a sergeant on February 27, 1953, under Marine Corps General Order Number 98. At that time I had a year to reenlist before losing any rank, but when I came back 87 days later all I could get was corporal. They say that the order under which I was discharged was cancelled as of 31 March, 1953. Everyone seems to think that I should get my rank back, but no one can find the authority for it. Am I out in the cold, or is there any chance of my getting it back?

Corp. A. P. Borden
2550 Newport Blue,
Costa Mesa, Calif.

• The rank to which you were reappointed is correct. For further clarification of your status, read Change Number 8 to Marine Corps General Order Number 98.

Change Number 9 to Marine Corps General Order Number 98, dated 25 September, 1953, now permits sergeants 180 days to reenlist and retain their rank. This change would not benefit

Be WISE About KING SIZE

Ask yourself... Do you have all
this with your present cigarette?

- Clean, fresh taste after smoking
- Full enjoyment of food
- Freedom from cigarette cough
- Mouth and throat comfort
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SOUND OFF (cont.)

you, however.

Inasmuch as enlistment and re-enlistment regulations are constantly being changed or modified to meet the needs of the Marine Corps, there is no way in which you can be re-appointed to the rank of sergeant except through regular promotion channels. —Ed.

S&I ACTS OF 1951

Dear Sir:

Would you please settle an argument which has arisen among some of the men stationed here?

With the enactment of the Servicemen's Indemnity and Insurance Acts of 1951, Public Law 23, Eighty-second Congress, approved April 25, 1951, all persons on active duty in the Armed Forces on or after June 27, 1950, became automatically insured against death, without cost to such persons, in the amount of \$10,000.

A buddy of mine states that upon the accidental death of a serviceman on active duty after June 27, 1950, any designated non-dependent relative is eligible to receive the benefits from this insurance.

I state, that under the same circumstances, the only persons eligible to receive benefits from this insurance are: spouse, eligible child, dependent rela-

tive, or any relatives, or member of the family by adoption who can prove that they were dependent on the deceased serviceman. Which one of us is right?

Pfc Don O. Nilsen
H&S Bn., HqFMFPac.,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● Your buddy is right. The Servicemen's Indemnity and Insurance Act of 1951 effected a fundamental change in the regulations concerning Government Insurance for service personnel by prohibiting the further issuance of USGLI and NSLI to personnel on active duty. Instead, it provides for a gratuitous indemnity in the maximum principle amount of \$10,000, payable to the serviceman's survivors in the event of death while in active service on or after 27 June, 1950, or within 120 days following separation from service.

This law does not cancel nor restrict any rights under insurance contracts issued on or prior to 25 April, 1951 (date of enactment of the Servicemen's Indemnity and Insurance Acts of 1951).

The indemnity is payable in 120 equal monthly installments at the rate of \$9.29 per \$1000 and is limited to the following beneficiaries: spouse, child or children (including a stepchild, adopted child, or an illegitimate child if the latter was designated as a beneficiary by the insured), parent(s), (including a step-parent, parent by adoption or person in loco parentis to the insured



"Pfc Perle desires a little privacy!"

at any time prior to entry into active service for a period of not less than one year). Unless otherwise designated, the word "parent" should include only the mother and father who last bore that relationship to the insured, or brother(s), or sister(s), (including those of half blood and those through adoption). A service member may name any one of the aforementioned relatives as his beneficiary on his DD 93 form (Record of Emergency Data), but if he does not designate a specific person the indemnity will be paid to the persons in the order listed previously.



It is evident, therefore, that each serviceman should carefully and accurately prepare his DD 93 form in order that this payment may be made promptly to the survivor of his choice. Also, in the event that a serviceman wishes to change his beneficiary, a new form DD 93 should be submitted.

Note: Changes in beneficiary for National Service Life Insurance (NSLI) and U. S. Government Life Insurance (USGLI) must be made on VA Form 9-336.—Ed.

ALMAR #33

Dear Sir:

In reference to ALMAR #33, I would like to know should I be discharged two weeks prior to the actual EOS date, will this mean that I have not complied fully with the Selective Service Act passed by Congress?

My reason for asking this is to clarify the stories I have heard to the effect. Does my serving less than two complete years mean that I am subject to redraft or reinduction?

Corp. James J. Lifter
8th General Supply Company,
Supply Battalion, 2d Combat
Service Group,
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● Your early release will not affect your Selective Service status. Veterans who served subsequent to June 24, 1948, will be placed in Class 1 (c) by their draft boards and, under the present law, they are not liable for reinduction. For further information, read Section 1622.12, paragraph "F" of Selective Service Regulations.—Ed.

END



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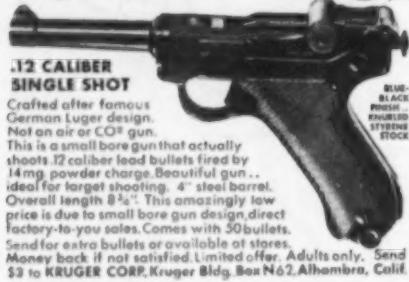
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Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of these letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.

Miss Diane Sharpe, c/o Prudential Insurance Co., P.O. Box 2075, Grp. Admin., Houston 1, Texas, to hear from anyone who served with Corp. Charles F. LEHMAN, KIA on September 25, 1951 while serving with 4.2 Mortar Co., Fifth Marines, First Marine Division.

WOJG Ronald F. Harpe, Btry. "A", 116th FA Bn., Fort Hesterly, Tampa, Fla., to hear from CWO Novis I. RAINS, with whom he served at Hdqtrs. Sqdn., MCAS, Cherry Point, N.C.

Pfc Brian A. Breye, Ward D-2, U.S. Naval Hospital, Jacksonville, Fla., to hear from anyone who went through boot camp at Parris Island, S.C., in Plt. 25, "N" Co., in 1953.

Miss Peggy Barr, 222 N. Cedar St., Butler, Pa., to hear from Pfc John H. McMONAGLE, whose last known address was 1st School Co., Engineer School Bn., Camp Lejeune, N.C.

Mrs. Elizabeth Shanyfelt, 1104 4th St., Mendota, Ill., to hear from anyone who served with her son, Pfc Jack G. SHANYFELT, who was KIA while serving with "I" Co., 3d Bn., Seventh Marines, on February 22, 1953, while on patrol. Mrs. Shanyfelt would also like to obtain a copy of *Stars and Stripes* of this date.

Corp. Joseph C. Reeves, H&S Co., 8th Motor Transport Bn., Camp Lejeune, N.C., to hear from Sgt. "Reb" LAURANCE, who may be stationed in the Lejeune, Cherry Point area.

Mr. and Mrs. Ora Owens, RFD #1, Mansfield, Ohio, to hear from anyone who served with their son, Pvt. Carl H. OWENS, who was KIA on October

7, 1952 while serving with Recon. Co., First Marine Division.

Sgt. Earl Knier, Anti-tank Co., First Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif., to hear from anyone having information concerning Sgt. James E. JOHNSON, MIA, who was awarded the Medal of Honor. Also Pfc WEDEMEYER or anyone who served with "L" Btry., 4th Bn., Eleventh Marines from Inchon to September, 1951.

Mrs. T. Grah, Rural Route 3, Box 81, Quakertown, Pa., to hear from anyone who saw her son, Pfc Hans W. GRAHL, after May, 1951. He was reported MIA while serving with MP Co., Hq. Bn., First Marine Division.

Mrs. Cora Whalen, 4564 S. 2nd St., Louisville, Ky., to hear from anyone who was with her son, Sgt. Gramil WHALEN, when he was KIA October 16, 1952. He served with "D" Co., 2nd Bn., 7th Regt., First Marine Division.

Mrs. Anne K. Farrell, 7006 Capital Ave., Houston 11, Tex., to hear from Sgt. Hollbrook M. BUNTING, Pfc Claude H. DU VALL, and former Marine Ray DERRINGER.

Stanley Madison, P. O. Box 14, Wells, Nev., to hear from Pfc F. L. KIKER and James JOHNSON.

Mrs. Mitchie, c/o Gold Star Mothers, Veterans Hospital, Dearborn, Mich., to hear from Capt. KEMP or anyone who served with her son, Corp. Charles MITCHIE, EIA on Guam July 29, 1944.

Former SSgt. Axel Almgren, Box #45, Mercer University, Macon, Ga., to hear from Sgt. James R. DAVIS, formerly of Hq. Co., 3d Bn., 1st Regt., First Marine Division, and Sgt. Erskin B. CREW, formerly of MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

Pvt. James R. Haggard, Plt. #258, "C" Co., R. T. Bn., MCRD, San Diego, Calif., to hear from his brother Raymond B. HAGGETT, believed to be aboard the USS *Kearsage*.

Punk Hagen, Echo, Minn., to hear from Sgt. Joe BLAZE and other buddies of "C" Co., 1st Bn., 5th Regt., First Marine Division.

SSgt. D. C. Johnson, Hq. Plt., 1st ANGLICO, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from SSgts. C. J. ERTSGARD and D. A. POTTER or anyone knowing their whereabouts.

Robert G. Vail, 1616 Kokomo St., Plainview, Tex., to hear from D. W. SNOW or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Mrs. C. G. Cox, Route #1, Marshalltown, Iowa, to hear from anyone whose son or husband was KIA or listed as missing on October 7, 1952.

Pvt. Bernard R. Loechel, Ward #9, U. S. Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Va., to hear from SSgt. Jayne G. BURGESS, who formerly served with WM Det. #2, MCAS, El Toro, Calif.

Corp. W. J. Morris, Marine Det., Navy #100, c/o FPO, New York, N. Y., to hear from SSgt. James H. CASE.

SSgt. Francis L. Slater, 160th Tac. Recon. Sqdn., Alabama Air National Guard, Dannelly ANGB, P. O. Box #1311, Montgomery, Ala., to hear from TSgt. John MAUND.

SSgt. Raymond W. Merryman, "C" Co., 1st Bn., 5th Regt., First Marine Division, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Sgt. Gerard LEONARDIS and Corp. Harley A. WARD.

Frank Governale, 1 Burkland Lane, Hicksville, N. Y., to hear from Second Marine Division buddies.

Walter J. Walsh, 290 Ruggles St., Apt. 15, Roxbury, Mass., to hear from Theodore M. SHEPPARD, or anyone knowing his present whereabouts.

END

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The Old Gunnery Says ...

"MEN, this outfit is shovin' off for expeditionary duty in 24 hours.

"Surprised, eh? Such short and unexpected notice sort of clutches you up, eh? Well, stay loose. We ain't really movin'—for a few days anyway. But I wanted to impress you with the effect of surprise. Surprise in battle, tactical surprise, is usually the key to success—so we're gonna talk a few minutes about the use and value of surprise down at the fightin' level.

"Surprise is one of the principles of war but it ain't reserved for divisions and armies. Tactical surprise in battle should be the goal of every size unit from the fire-team on up. Surprise is usually the decisive element in a fight and we should make every effort to attain it.

"When you're in an offensive action, concealment can do much to help you get surprise. Concealed movement from the assembly area to the jump-off line; concealed routes of advance during maneuver and concealed firing positions; concealment at the time of your attack all prevent the enemy from getting set and prepared for you. It reduces his morale and adds to your own. When your squads do get in fire positions, open fire together with a full blast. Do you guys realize the shock and power in the fire of one Marine rifle squad? The full employment of that fire with the element of surprise is your best life insurance and means of success.

"Remember, this surprise can rarely be achieved without some effort. You have to work for it. Take extreme precautions to maintain the secrecy of your movements and plans. It is also usually the result of taking a well calculated risk. Don't operate the same old way all the time. Don't get in an operational rut. We shouldn't always jump off the attack at 0800 nor should we have the same routine of preparation fires. In fact, surprise is often lost as a result of preparation fires. Take a chance, use imagination and vary the routine.

"When you gain surprise, take advantage of it. Push on through, and exploit the local success. Don't sit around waiting for 'The Man' to give you a new order. Keep your mission in mind and keep movin' while the enemy is still shook. Don't be like the guys who were so surprised by their own success that they had to stand around on the objective and talk it over and were soon clobbered by an enemy surprise counterattack.

"Surprise is important to a successful defense too. Concealment, camouflage, dummy positions, ambushes and surprise fires can do much to effect a surprise in conducting a defense. History is full of many little battles, as well as big ones, that were won by outfits who held their fire until they could 'see the whites of their eyes.' Well controlled, short range surprise fires will usually stop advancing infantry—and you'll find more of your hits are 'in the black'.

"Use the weather and the terrain to aid you in surprising the enemy. Foul weather; fog, rain, and darkness will often allow you to hit the enemy when he least expects it. Many of us remember how the Japanese used to take advantage of a rainy night. Use the weather as a screen to help you. Also consider the terrain. Many times, outfits have been able to achieve surprise by moving over terrain that was considered impossible or improbable and so was lightly defended. Figure all the angles; the hard way may be the best way.

"Well, the main things to remember are that we gotta avoid routine and obvious ways of operating in battle. Don't get in habits even though they may be successful at first. Vary your methods and try to hit the enemy in an unexpected manner. You gotta remember that tactical surprise is usually the result of imagination, daring and initiative and *not* the result of doing things the same old obvious way. Casualty lists usually reflect an operation lacking surprise."

END

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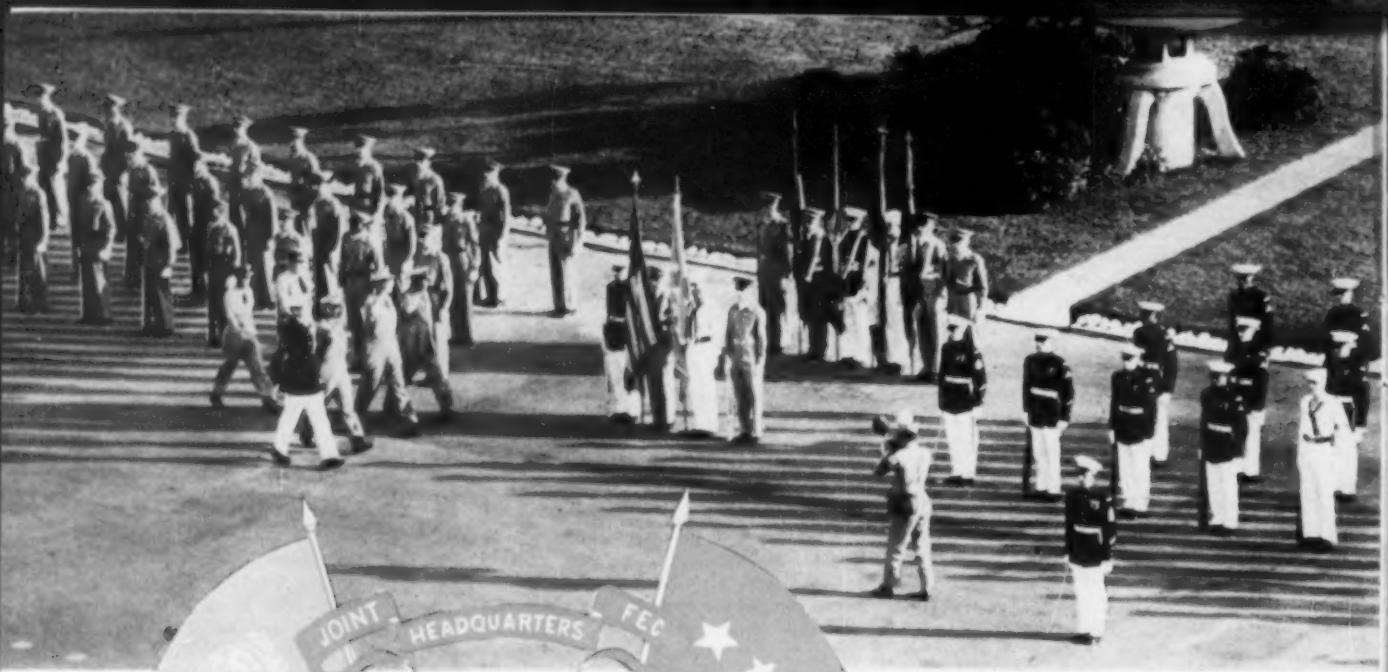


Photo by Sgt. Arnold L. Siegel, USA

Multi-service honor guard falls out for all visiting civilian and military VIPs. Inspections are at Pershing Heights

Soldiers, Sailors, Airmen and
Marines join forces in Tokyo
to become pride of Far East

HONOR GUARD

by MSgt. Roy E. Heinecke

Leatherneck's Far East Correspondent

THREE AIR HOURS from the mud holes of war-scarred Korea and the dungaree-clad men of the First Marine Division, a small group of Marines attached to a guard unit claim the ultimate in military appearance and bearing. They're members of the Marine and Naval Detachment of the Far East Command's Honor Guard, an organization you'll never pull duty with unless you want it. Even when

you measure up to the rigid requirements, you can't be sure you'll make the grade; First Lieutenant Charles T. Williamson, detachment commander—and a very exacting Marine officer—handpicks his men.

The multi-service (Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Air Force) Honor Guard is relatively a new outfit which was formed last January. Its predecessor, an all-Army outfit, originally was established in April, 1945, when the

Photos by
TSgt. R. E. Armstrong
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

Sixth and Eighth Armies, in the Philippines, were requested to submit a detail to make up General Douglas MacArthur's guard of honor. When the Supreme Allied Commander of the Pacific moved to Tokyo, the guard of honor went along and assumed the job of providing security for the Dai Ichi Building, Gen. MacArthur's residence, the American Embassy and the Dai Iti and Imperial hotels—buildings being utilized by the occupation forces.

When the Commander, Naval Forces, Far East, set up headquarters in Tokyo, he brought his own security force of Marines and Sailors. The two guard units paraded together and stood formal ceremonies honoring visiting military dignitaries, but returned to their respective headquarters and security duties after each ceremony.

In December, 1952, ComNavFE moved to permanent quarters at the Naval base at Yokosuka, further south along Tokyo Bay. The Marines and Sailors of the security force, however, remained in Tokyo. When the Army and Air Force combined to form a new Honor Guard, the Navy-Marine Corps detachment was added to the lash-up. The unified command then began their security mission at Pershing Heights, the site of the United Nations and Far East Command headquarters.

Technically under Army command, the Marines and Sailors moved to the Army's Finance Building, in the heart of downtown Tokyo. The entire wing of the fifth floor which was turned over to the guard, is now used as barracks, classrooms and offices. Close order drill is held on the spacious roof of the five-story building—almost within the shadow of the Diet Building, home of the Japanese legislature.

Guard reliefs are formed and inspected there, then take a 15-minute bus ride to their UN and FEC posts. The vehicles used by the Honor Guard offer an idea of the unique and sometimes uncomfortable mode of life these Marines suffer for duty's sake. All seats aboard the buses have been removed; Marines get plenty of snapping-in for future subway commuting.

However, no complaints come from the men who stand guard over the top military offices in the Far East. They'd rather stand for the short ride than wrinkle their razor-sharp trousers.

A Marine pulling corporal of the guard duty at a Naval base in the States might find confusion in the variety of uniforms worn by an Honor Guard relief, but it's an every day affair to the Honormen. The reliefs contain members of all branches of the Armed Forces. Senior NCOs, regardless of service affiliation, are assigned sergeant and assistant sergeant of the guard duties. It's not unusual to find a Marine sergeant commanding a relief that includes Soldiers, Sailors, Airmen and Marines. It's just as likely to be a Navy petty officer, a sergeant first class, or an Air Force noncommissioned officer in the role of senior NCO of the guard.

It's the same with the duty roster for the officers of the guard, except only the Army, Air Force and Marines rotate the O.D. watch. Sailors come under Lieut. Williamson's command, therefore no Navy officer is needed.

Sentries are posted and relieved informally; men go separately (and alone) to their posts. But there is plenty of heel clicking when one sentry relieves another. All guard posts are in conspicuous spots, constantly under the scrutiny of high ranking officers of many nations.

The security guard is sustained on a 24-hour basis and sentries draw six-hour watches. Although some of the posts are maintained only during working hours, many guardsmen stand two watches during the 'round-the-clock tour. While on duty, a man may

choose to stand at attention or remain at ease. If he chooses the latter, he must return to attention whenever anyone approaches. Civilians are checked for the proper identification; officers are rendered the proper courtesies.

The only concession to strict military regulations which guide a sentry through his watch, is a foam rubber mat, provided to ease the muscles of the feet, legs and back. However, sentries are relieved every hour for a 15-minute break. When properly relieved, they go to the "guard shack" for a cigarette or a cup of coffee. The shack is equipped with a divan and several upholstered chairs which an outsider might assume were there for cat naps or relaxation. This could possibly be true at other places but not at Pershing Heights. If a sentry who has been spelled wants to sit down, he slips his trousers, folds them neatly back and down, then sits carefully—and precariously—on the edge of the chair. Creases are all important.

These innovations, like the bus without seats or the extreme precautions to protect trousers, are not someone's diabolical scheme to heckle the troops. They were worked out by the men themselves to help maintain a meticulous appearance. The pride they exhibit in their uniforms is unequaled anywhere in the world.

When every man in an organization strives to be a soldierly fashionplate, a race is on. Among members of the four services, military bearing, faultless appearance and a wide knowledge of world affairs, gain points. Compliments received by men on duty are recorded in a special log book. When official flattery is received by way of

TURN PAGE



Pfc John Johnson, fresh from sea duty, heads for honor guard job. Troops live in the Finance Building



1st Lt. Charles Williamson and Sgt. Maj. Howard Paschal scrutinize new members of the honor guard



Pfc. Johnson draws 782 gear from Corp. William Springer. Honor guard gets chrome plated bayonets



A newcomer sews on the distinctive shoulder patch. It's the only legal one in the Marine Corps today

HONOR GUARD (cont.)



a letter to the detachment commander, the men being patted on the back are given a day off whenever possible.

The branches of the four services in the Honor Guard elect their top men to participate in a contest to pick the Serviceman of the Month. Marine NCOs and Navy petty officers go into a huddle with Lieut. Williamson to nominate a Marine and Sailor to compete with the Army and Air Force members. Men who have been outstanding in the performance of their duties during the month usually get the nod. All hands swamp the candidate with plenty of well meaning advice.

The competition begins outside the commanding officer's bailiwick. Men walk stiff-legged down the long corridor to preserve the prized trouser creases. Here a full length mirror reflects any flaws. Rooters accompany their choice and assist in the final

once-over.

When H-hour arrives, the Army CO or his exec gives each man a close, personal inspection—figuratively microscopic. Brass is scrutinized for the faintest smudge; a piece of lint on a uniform can cost points and the man who accommodates an itch during the inspection can count his outfit out.

Proficiency in the manual of arms follows. Pieces snap through the movements. Miscues are rare. Questions on current world affairs, duties within the Guard and ability to recognize and know the names of the military leaders and government officials of both Japan and the United States keep sharply trained minds spinning.

The next phase of the contest is a check of the living quarters. This searching inspection includes each man's bunk, locker and locker box. Non-contestants keep a close check on the tally of points won and lost. A point added warrants a subdued cheer; a gig means long faces.

Of the seven contests held thus far, Marines have taken top honors in three and tied with the Air Force in another. The winner of each contest gets a 71-hour pass, ten dollars and two 8x10 color portraits of himself. One portrait hangs on the Honor Guard bulletin board for a month, proclaiming the "Serviceman of the Month" to everyone. It's a coveted title.

This spirit of competition prevails throughout the entire Honor Guard. When Lieut. Williamson wants replacements he needs the best the Marine Corps can offer. Men requesting duty

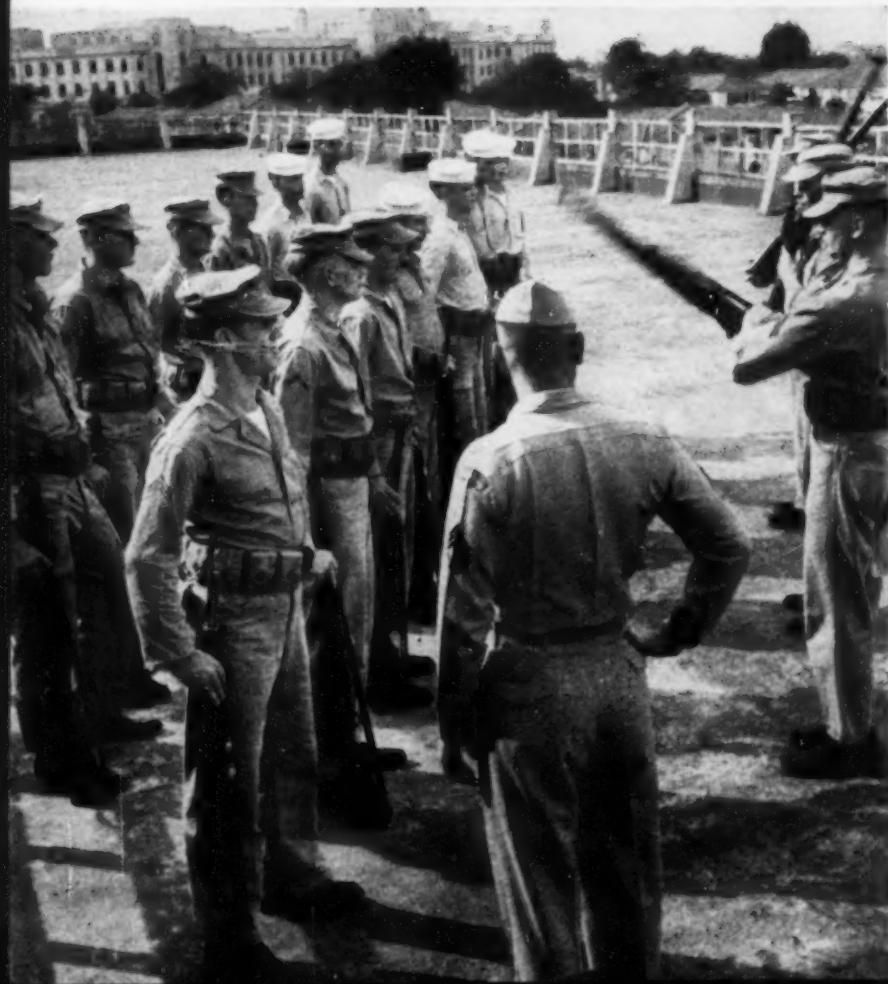
with the Guard have to meet the physical, mental and professional requirements drawn up by the Army—not out of the reach of the average Marine. Height—not less than five-feet, ten inches, nor more than six-four; a GCT of not less than 90—and no courts-martial. Preference is given to men with combat experience.

The biggest hurdle for a prospective member is the pre-assignment interview with Lieut. Williamson and a Marine NCO from the detachment. The NCO who accompanies the detachment commander talks to the entire group, already assigned duty at the Marine Barracks in Yokosuka. While he's giving the men an informative spiel about duty with the Honor Guard, Lieut. Williamson is busy checking their record books. Armed with knowledge gleaned from the record books and recommendations from his NCO, the lieutenant calls each man separately for an interview. It is during this informal session that the detachment's boss discovers whether the man has the ability to perform the tedious duty assigned to the outfit. Questions about a man's military and personal life, what he contemplates doing with his liberty hours and whether he has any problems, often furnish leads.

"I tell him he doesn't have to answer any personal question, but I like to know all about the man I'm getting in my outfit. If a man has a problem that's bothering him, I'd like to help him clear it up before he joins. Otherwise, it will show up in his duties," Lieut. Williamson said.



Army instructor lectures new men on the .45. Class includes four branches of U.S. service



Marines and Sailors watch an instructor give famed Queen Anne salute. Men drill daily



Guard shack NCOs keep busy checking visitors and making calls. They're alert for VIPs



Japanese shoeshine boy puts gleam on 28 pairs of Marine shoes. He buffs holsters, too



Honor guard reliefs are made up of all branches of the U.S. Service. Senior NCOs, regardless of branch, serve as sergeants of the guard

HONOR GUARD (cont.)



But once a Marine unpacks his seabag at the Honor Guard's barracks, he's set for a two-year tour of duty regardless of how much time he has spent overseas previously. Evidence that Marines in the detachment like duty in the Honor Guard is found in the fact that more than 70 percent of the 28 Marines in the unit have seen

Pfc Johnson arrives at UN and FEC headquarters aboard unusual bus. It has no seats



combat and came to the guard via battle-proved units of the First Marine Division. Many wear ribbons indicating that they were the recipients of medals. Williamson tops his men with a Silver Star medal won while with a rifle company of the First Marines prior to joining the Honor Guard.

New arrivals draw extra clothing, dress blues, white trousers and shining 782 gear. Bayonets are chrome plated and the brass on pistol belts gets a daily workout with a polishing cloth. A shoeshine boy and two pressers have eight-hours-a-day jobs keeping the Marines' outer clothing in top notch shape. No sea-going salt ever had a glassier finish to his shoes or a whiter cap cover.

Most prized item the newcomer draws is the Honor Guard shoulder patch. The scroll-shaped, red and gold patch, worn on the upper left sleeve, is the only unit patch authorized by the Marine Corps at the present time.

Privates and Pfc's joining the Guard spend their first week in daily orientation classes. Studies include a thorough refresher on interior guard duty, nomenclature of the .45 pistol and the

M-1 and close order drill. In another indoor session, they'll learn to recognize the insignia, rank and uniforms of the other 19 nations whose military personnel draw assignments to the United Nations Command in the Far East. Newcomers learn that everyone who wears stars isn't necessarily a general. Some member nations, like Ethiopia, designate the seniority of their enlisted personnel by the number of stars on their collars.

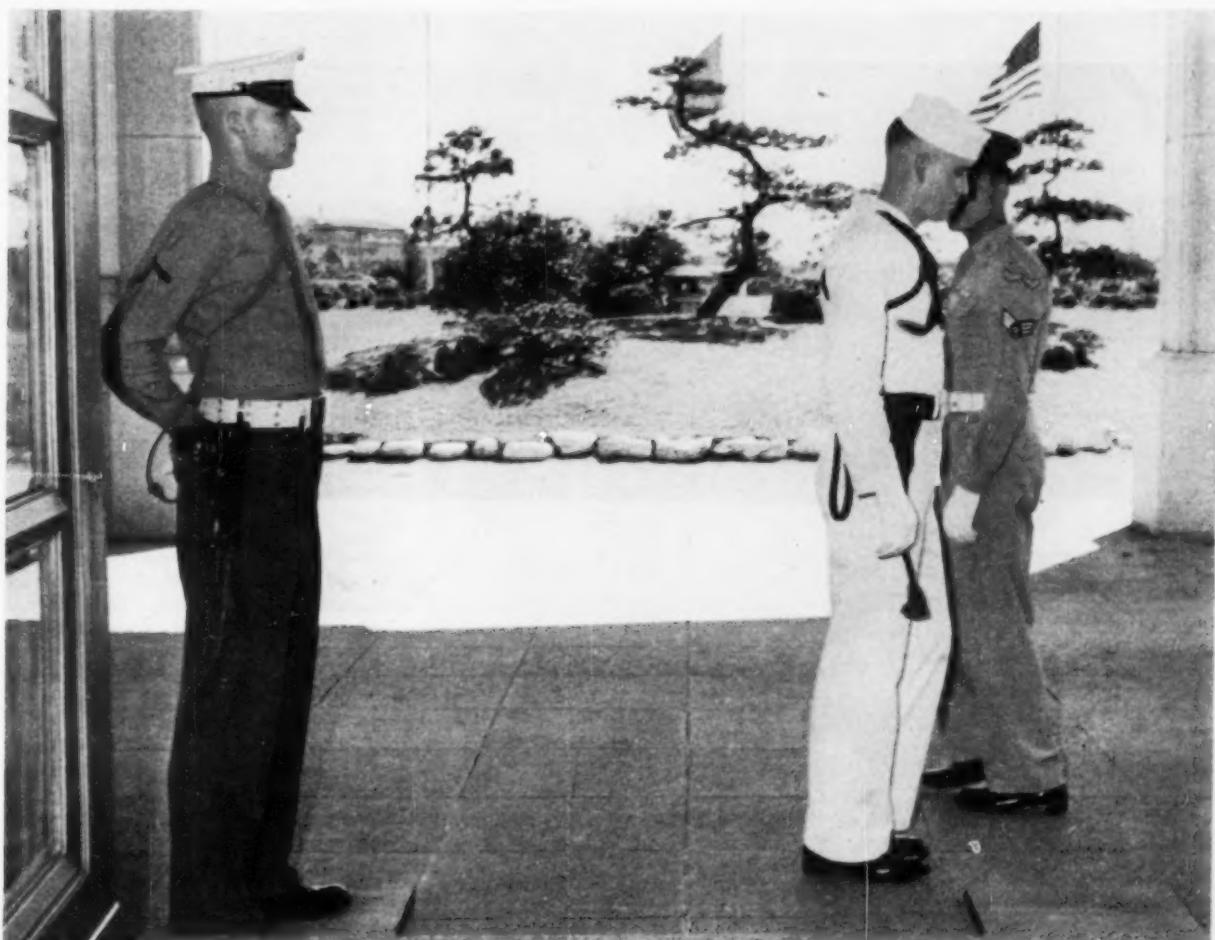
And to make sure the freshman guard has plenty of time to absorb the knowledge gained in the classrooms, he doesn't get an opportunity to pick up his liberty card until after a week of training. Marine NCOs, however, receive their indoctrination from the senior NCOs of the Honor Guard and the detachment commander.

With the abbreviated "boot" training under his belt, full dress formations come in quick procession for the now qualified member of the Honor Guard. Changing to dress white-blue-

TURN PAGE



Sentries welcome a coffee and cigarette break each hour. Men usually stand to prevent wrinkles in trousers. Those who do sit, disrobe first



Sailor relieves Air Force man for 15-minute break.
The security guard is maintained on a 24-hour basis.

Members of honor guard must be able to spot and identify all ranking officers of the 19 United Nations

HONOR GUARD (cont.)



Competing for the honor guard's Serviceman of the Month award, Pfc Windell D. Petree stands a microscopic inspection by the Army Exec



whites can be a chore which is repeated as many as three times a day. The United Nations Command Headquarters is the first stop in the Far East for visiting military dignitaries who are concerned with the Korean situation. Full honors are rendered all VIPs by the highly trained Honor Guard.

When not falling out for dress formations, winning 71-hour passes and standing their security watches, the Marines of the Honor Guard can accept liberty every other night. Liberty in topsy-turvy Tokyo can be expensive or economical, according to the individual's taste. It's a land of nickel subways and five dollar dinners where local English language newspapers sell for three cents and an American magazine can cost as high as a dollar. Beer costs more than a cocktail due to the ancient reasoning of the Orient: "It takes longer to drink a beer."

Marines of the Honor Guard accumulate leave in the same manner as anyone else. Through the facilities of the Army's Special Services office, they can spend four or five days in a hotel at the seashore or up in the mountains for as little as \$1.25 per day. Leave time can be spent at an American-style hotel near the crest of snow-capped Mt. Fujiama offering horseback riding, golf or mountain climbing. Those who'd rather bask at the beach spend their time in other Special Services-run hotels at some of Japan's famous seaside resorts. Hot springs spas are within a day's travel for Marines stationed in Tokyo.

Due to the limited personnel needs of the Marine and Navy Detachment, not many green-clads will have the privilege of serving in the Honor Guard. But those who make the grade can look forward to one of the most interesting tours of duty in the Corps today. It's a demanding task, with a share in guarding the security of a far-flung outpost of the free world. **END**



Pfc Johnson haggles over the price for a lounging jacket. Corp. Springer stays neutral



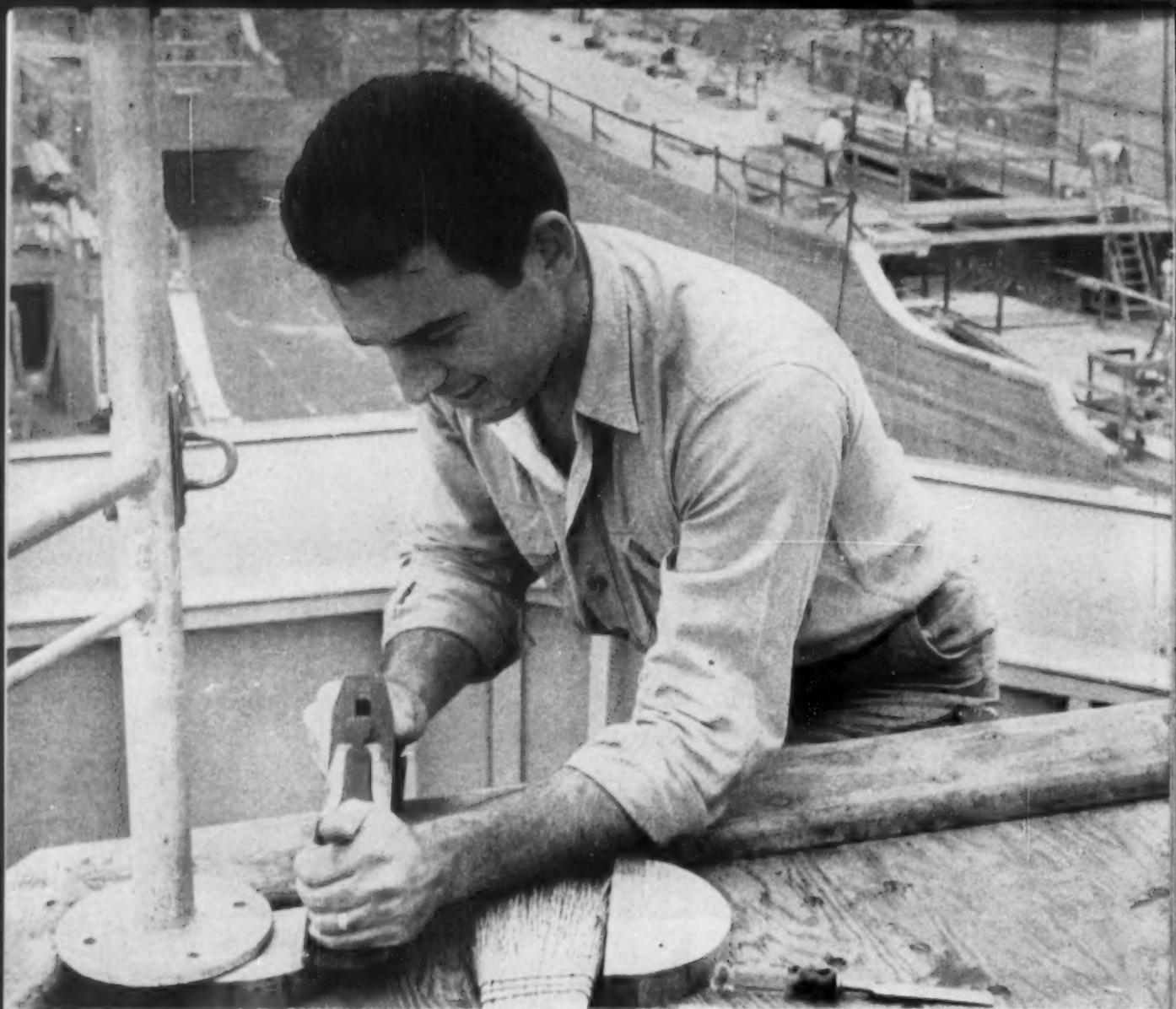
Wooden Fleet

by MSgt. Steven Marcus
Leatherneck Staff Writer

**Newly launched ships of wood mark another
advance in the U.S. Navy's never-ending search
for perfection in support of its landing forces**

THE IRON MEN OF the U. S. Navy's Minesweeper service have gone back to wooden ships. Their slogan, "Where the fleet goes, we have been," struck a discrepancy in 1950, and the business of minesweeping was due for revision.

The point of no return, in the ver-
TURN PAGE



Ex-Marine Sergeant Jack Friedman, Korea veteran, puts finishing touches on superstructure of *Implicit*.

He still likes to wear khaki while serving a second year apprenticeship as shipwright at Wilmington

WOODEN FLEET (cont.)

nacular of the wide-blue-yonder boys, is an ascertained position from which there is no turning back. When that position is reached, the only hope of success or completion of the mission is to keep going, with nary a backward glance. The U.S. Minesweeper Service—a rugged, dangerous business at best—reached that point of no return in the early days of the Korean War. Mines, generously planted by the Communists, were harassing the sweepers and other Naval craft. Combination mines, preset to delay detonation until a specific number of ships had passed,



Two crew members inspect craft's main minesweep reel



Deck caulkers chisel cotton into crevices between the planks

Photos by
MSgt. J. W. Richardson
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

endangered the set pattern of Naval warfare. The point of no return, which in this case encompassed all directions, almost stymied the Sweeper Service, but the history of man's struggle against the sea provided a solution—timber.

Not the crude wooden ships with which the Egyptians plied the seas more than 4000 years ago, nor the lumbering, sailing craft of Columbus, but a trim 171-foot ship stronger than any wooden ship ever launched, and more flexible than steel—a ship which can combat any mine devised by man.

In its quest for a new "iron ship—of wood," the Navy took its roughed-out solution to Philip L. Rhodes, well known marine designer. Mr. Rhodes hit the drawing board and came up with a ship which the Navy accepted and dubbed the AM-421 Class Minesweeper. In June, 1951, the new craft was still in the scale model and planning stage. Today, little more than two years later, 14 shipyards from coast to coast are constructing the AM-421 class, and the first ships have rolled down the ways and are now in service.

On the Long Beach-Los Angeles inner harbor, the Wilmington Boat Works is building eight of the new craft for the Navy. The Wilmington Works, which has specialized in small craft for more than 30 years, has already built subchasers for the Navy, utility tugs for the Army, and rescue boats for the Air Force. The keels and frames for all eight craft have already been laid, and one ship, the USS

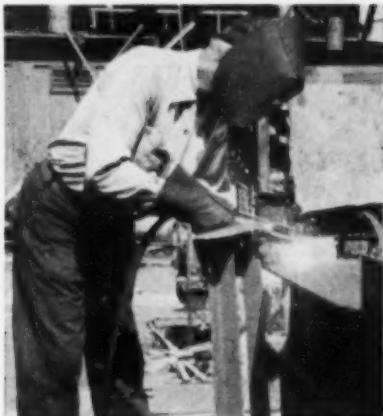
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Expert wood workers must fasten each deck section to support beams with countersunk fasteners. Dowels are then pounded into the holes



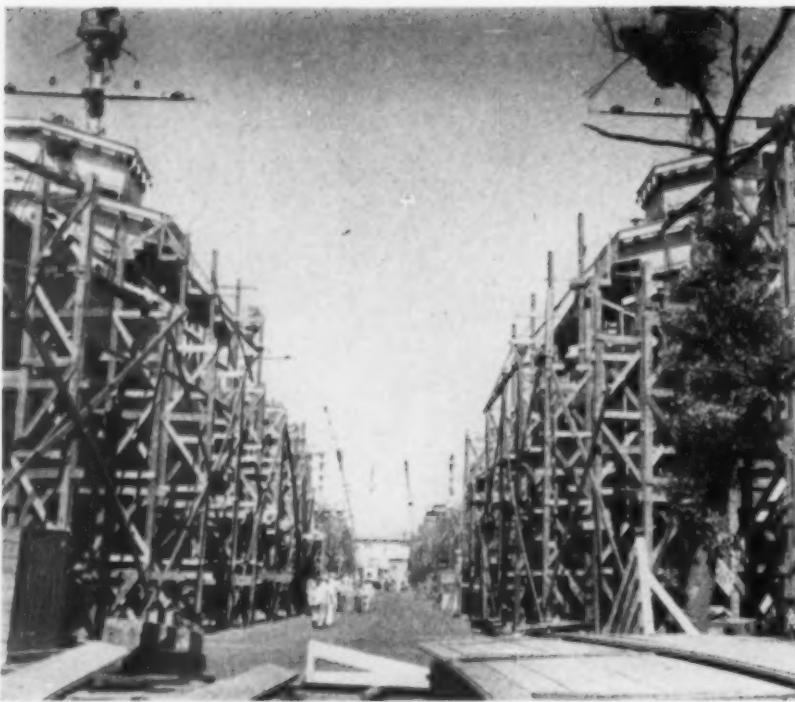
Short lengths of timber are laminated in the carpenter shop



Metal fittings are assembled in the yard, then carried aboard



Excess oak dowels, which secure wooden planks, need chiseling



Overall view of shipyard reveals various construction stages of eight wooden minesweepers. Work is staggered to permit periodic launching

WOODEN FLEET (cont.)

Implicit was recently launched and is now receiving its final fitting.

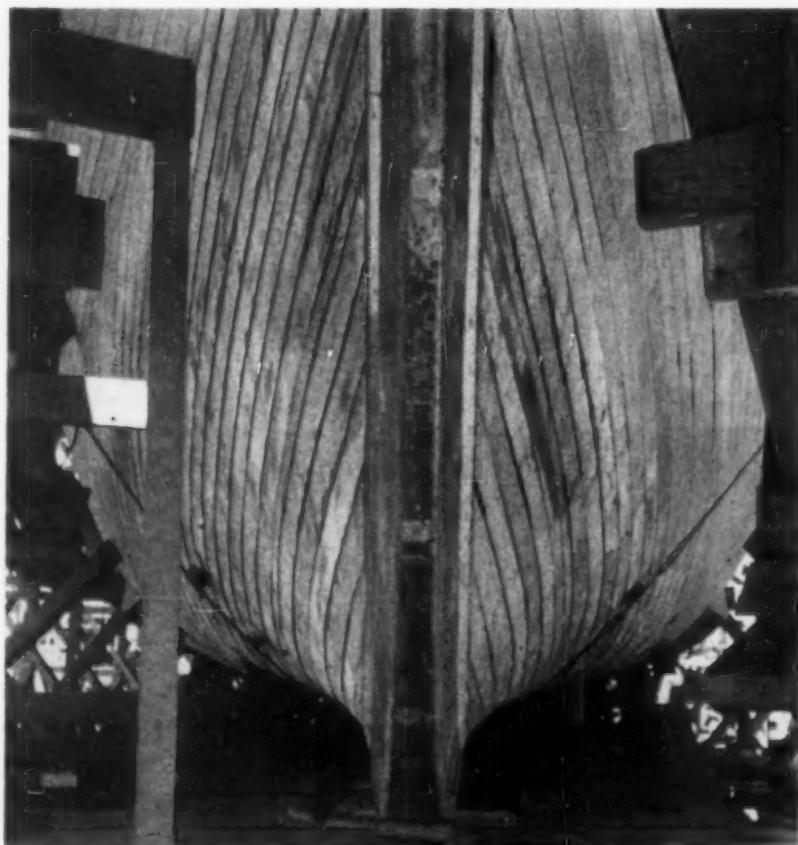
The construction of 171-foot ships from short, thin lengths of wood would have been impossible but for a process called lamination. Although the "miracle" of lamination is not entirely new to the building industry, it is being utilized in the new ships to a greater degree than in the past. Exhaustive tests have shown that use of the plastic resin adhesives increase tensile strength to a tremendous degree, far beyond that of solid timber.

Before construction could begin the procurement of proper types of lumber was necessary. Oak is the basic wood utilized in the craft although fir has been used for beams, planking, stringers and decking. The majority of the oak was carefully purchased in the Southern States white oak belt, and after arrival at Wilmington, was painstakingly examined for knots, honeycombing and other flaws. Only perfect timber has been used in the construction. Most of the oak used in the frames is 10 to 16 feet long, eight inches wide and seven-eighths of an inch thick. Through the miracles of modern science it has been possible to build up massive, long curved frames and keels for ocean-going vessels, from

these huge "king-sized toothpicks."

First step in making big ones out of little ones is the building of the ship's ribs or U-shaped frames. These are made by scarfing the ends of the short lengths of oak, and gluing them together to form a 62½-foot segment. "Welding" of these sections is accomplished by clamping them under batteries of heat lamps. Then, sufficient sections to produce a thickness required for any particular part of the ship are glue-pressed together and placed in a jig to hold the section in the required shape. The frames are cured by steam cooking, and after a cooling period, are sanded, trimmed and fitted into a predetermined section of the ship. All stages of construction are checked by resident Naval inspectors, but in the case of the U-shaped ribs, a portion of each frame is sent to the Navy for laboratory delamination tests. All frames are set aside until approval arrives from the lab.

The hulls of the new sweeps are a triumph in engineering and ship carpentry. They are composed of two layers of diagonally planked fir, another layer of planking and an outside

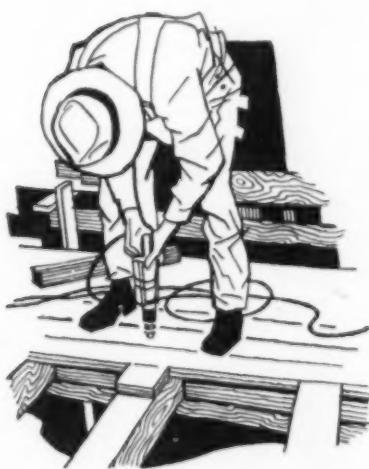


Undercarriage view of exterior of a minesweeper nearing completion. Massive keel beam is made from 6- to 10-foot lengths of laminated oak



Exterior view of wooden minesweeper, now nearing completion, reveals long, sleek lines of the craft.

When Wilmington Boat Works is at peak production its layout resembles a busy movie set in Hollywood



layer of sheathing. Each layer of planking is riveted and fastened to the previous layer, creating a strength and durability far surpassing that of any wooden ship ever built. When the sheathing has been placed over the outside of the hull, smoothed and finished in the conventional Navy gray, the ship has the appearance of an ordinary welded steel craft.

Decks are constructed of two-inch square fir planking, and are a fair bet to withstand the holystoning of many generations of apprentice seamen. The

decks are calked by a crew of specialists, who practice a trade which has gone unchanged through centuries of wooden ships. Astride low, wheeled stools, the calkers chisel a layer of cotton deep into the crack between adjacent deck timbers. The cotton is followed by a layer of oakum, driven beneath the surface of the deck. Calking serves a dual purpose; it waterproofs the deck, and greatly increases its strength.

Much of the interior work on the new sea sweeper is conventional carpentry, although lamination accounts for more than 60 percent of the completed ship. The keel, frames, decking and stem are all laminated pieces. All wood in the ship, including that used in the construction of compartment dividers, has been completely waterproofed.

The wooden sweepers are designed to carry a complement of 50 to 60 officers and men. Although some of the compartments are somewhat crowded, nothing has been spared for the comfort of the crew. Bunks in the crew compartments are three high, but each has an individual frame. No longer will a sleepless sailor keep his shipmates awake by transmitting his tossing movements to the entire tier of bunks.

A stainless steel locker has been provided for each crewman, with inner compartments for valuables, and

shelves designed to afford neat and convenient storage for the Naval wardrobe. Each sleeping and messing compartment has individual heating controls. The ship's galley is equipped with the newest stainless steel equipment, including a steam dishwasher.

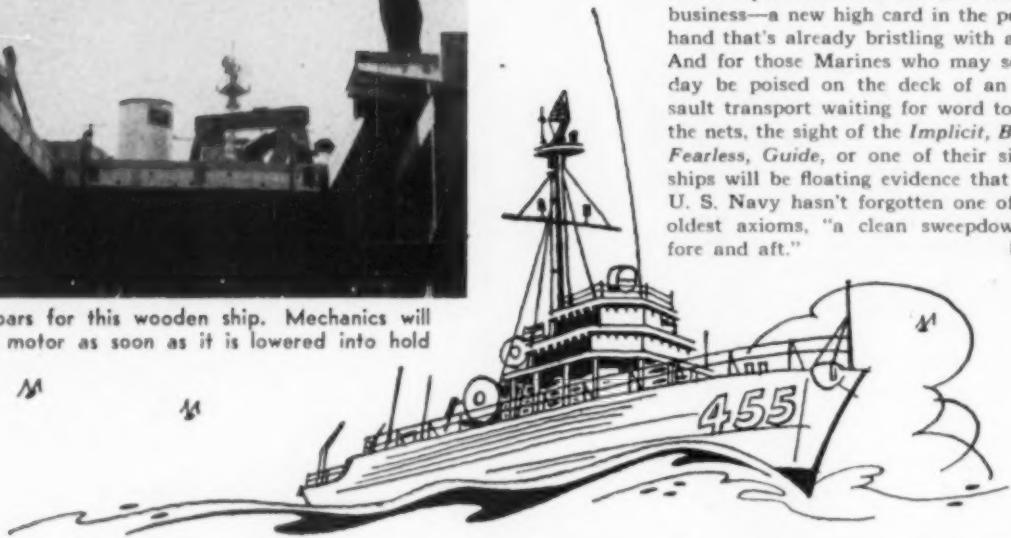
An automatic washing machine will enable the crew to cope with the dirty clothes situation. For that periodic letter to Mom or the girl next door, disappearing writing shelves have been built into the living compartments. Fluorescent lighting has been installed throughout the ship, including living

TURN PAGE





No sails or oars for this wooden ship. Mechanics will hook up this motor as soon as it is lowered into hold



WOODEN FLEET (cont.)

compartments, and in a final touch which might well send Davy Jones spinning in his locker, each bunk has been equipped with an individual reading lamp.

The first ship completed at the Wilmington Works—the *Implicit*—was launched on August 1, 1953. The El Toro Marine Band, led by Master Sergeant M. Balfoort, journeyed to Wilmington to provide music for the occasion. Since the ship was sent down the ways bow first, christening presented a knotty problem. It was solved with an ingeniously-rigged series of lines which held the traditional bottle of champagne poised above the bow of the *Implicit*. When Mrs. Landon Horton, mother of the Wilmington Yard's vice president, released a trigger, the

The launching of the *Implicit*, first of the wooden sweepers, was complete with champagne

bottle shattered against the bow with a most satisfactory ensuing shower of champagne. The excellent workmanship on the craft resulted in less than 50 gallons of water seepage into the hull before swelling made the ship watertight.

The launching of the *Implicit* tallied another advance in the U. S. Navy's never-ending search for perfection in the support of its ships and landing forces.

For the Marine Corps, whose major war time mission is the assault of enemy-held shores, the new ships are another precision tool for an exacting business—a new high card in the poker hand that's already bristling with aces. And for those Marines who may some day be poised on the deck of an assault transport waiting for word to hit the nets, the sight of the *Implicit*, *Bold*, *Fearless*, *Guide*, or one of their sister ships will be floating evidence that the U. S. Navy hasn't forgotten one of its oldest axioms, "a clean sweepdown—fore and aft."

END





"Join the Marines!" is famous recruiting slogan on display from New York to Hollywood

by MSgt. Robert W. Tallent,
USMCR

IF ALL HANDS JOINED the Corps because they liked powdered eggs for breakfast a recruiter could sit in a large cafeteria with a mess of recombined yolks and wait for young eligibles to drop in and ask where they could get those crazy eggs every day. The recruiter could then whip out a card directing them to the nearest recruiting station.

But it isn't that simple. The answers to the question, "Why did you join the Corps?" are as varied as the bugs in a swampy bivouac area. In many cases, however, applicants were attracted to the familiar recruiting poster.

And what line do these posters follow in order to interest hardy men in the Marine Corps?

Well, the direct approach, conceived about 178 years ago, is still good. There have, of course, been variations down through the years, but the central

BILLBOARD MARINE (cont.)

THE MARINES HAVE LANDED -

In World War I, Marines had
the situation "... Well In Hand"

"The Marines Have Landed..."
was a catchy phrase in 1913

U.S. MARINES

The Service
with a
Future

The Billboard Marine went
back to school after the war

Learn WHILE YOU EARN

theme, "Interest in the Individual," has remained constant. The belief that men can be encouraged to join the Corps by raising enthusiasm for the personal benefits to be derived from service has paid off.

"Travel, Adventure, Education."

"It's the Pride."

"Be a Marine!"

"Once a Marine Always a Marine!"

Everyone associated with the Corps has heard these slogans. Countless civilians unrelated to the Corps, are familiar with them, and chances are they didn't hear them from a recruiting sergeant. Ever since the drums rolled in front of Tun Tavern an inanimate sidekick of all recruiters has been on the job selling the service. He's the billboard Marine, paper embodiment of all the virtues of life in the Corps. Whether you accept him as a spokesman for all that's superior in the service, as a recruiting aid, or merely a piece of propaganda, the billboard Marine is a tradition and fixture

in the Corps. When it comes to persuading recruits to sign up, his average is very high. Surveys conducted by the recruiting service show that practically everyone who has joined the Corps in recent years can recall seeing the billboard Marine. To the youth of the nation he represents a big single page superman.

He patrols posts in every city and village in the country. His uniform is as much a fixture around post offices as the letter drop. Frequently he can be seen riding the drab-green bulkheads of government mail trucks. Not long ago he was stationed on a tremendous signboard overlooking Times Square in New York.

On San Francisco's Embarcadero in the early mornings robust lads, on their way to work as clerks, apprentice dock-wallahs or laborers, stop to eye the brilliant colored Marine sign boards. Each month three or four of these passers-by fall out of the ranks of civilian workers and toss their fortunes in with the Corps. The billboard Marine may not actually sell them, but recruiters believe that these "A" signs, as they call them, start many a future

boot thinking in the right direction.

Admittedly about the only time the average work-a-day Marine resembles his flashy poster buddy is either after the messhall has put out a ration of steak or on pay day. However, just as the average Marine differs from men in other branches of the armed forces by training, so the billboard Marine differs in design from other services' recruiting posters.

Aside from the fact that there appear to be more billboard Marines around than sailors or airmen, the Corps has generally stuck to one central character in its ads. For many decades the soldier of the sea has usually appeared by himself. Occasionally a few shipmates people the background but the MAN always stands out.

Where other services sell a particular job or feature like tanks, artillery or battle wagons, the Corps sells the man.

Maybe that's why the billboard Marine has become sort of an institution. He's certainly proved more durable than those handsome boys who sold patented collars back in the roaring 20s. Today the face of the Corps'



Tradition always receives a big play on "A" signs

Poster Marines aren't always pictured in their blues, shined for liberty

poster representative is seen almost as frequently as the familiar grin of Arthur Godfrey.

When it comes to action our paper-thin fighter has really had it. He isn't always pictured in dress blues, shined for a big liberty. Through the years he's been depicted servicing various types of weapons, patrolling docks, wading out of landing boats, sending flag dispatches to the Great White Fleet, charging over the top, praying, even reading a textbook.

Like his real-life sidekicks he has done just about everything except deliver the original message to Garcia. Considering the fact that he has passed the word to legions of subsequent Garcias in search of education and sundry adventures, he must be forgiven for missing the Garcia opportunity.

The relationship between the billboard Marine and his lively comrades is a family matter. The Recruiting Service never hires models. The dudes who make a living being pictured wearing hair-slick and no-bind drawers for commercial ads have little chance of appearing on a Marine recruiting poster.

If you'd like to have your picture splashed across the country, encouraging young Americans to join the world's top fighting organization, you must be a Marine. The other qualifications are:

Average Height—5'8"

Average Weight—140 to 145 pounds

Age—20 to 27

Complexion—Ruddy

Hair—Dark

Ability to wear the uniform well.

Physically, the billboard Marine looks just about the same today as he did when he started out many decades back. More rugged than handsome and, in keeping with present fashions, he's shaved the sideburns and mustache.

Men who have the gear might get tapped for a poster wherever they are. But Marines who have modeled for billboards are in a pretty elite group. The Recruiting Service puts out "A" signs at the low rate of six or seven a year. They are displayed generally for a period of two months.

Then again, the signs don't always feature a Marine. One of the most famous "A" signs in recent years hit

the streets shortly after the Korean fracas started. It was a startling and somewhat controversial number from the recruiters' view. The billboard Marine was absent, presumably off fighting the enemy, and in his place was a big shiny M1 rifle. The message was as stark as the illustration; it said: "This Rifle Needs a Man!"

It was an eye-catcher, but recruiters are still arguing about how many volunteers it caught. The consensus wasn't many. Anyway the billboard Marine returned to his old stand shortly thereafter.

"A" signs are not the inspiration of just one man. First of all, recommendations from the field are studied. These usually come from the people most concerned with the posters, but any Marine with a sound idea for a recruiting poster can submit suggestions for study. Available pictures are selected and the possibilities culled. If the "A" sign is to be a drawing, an artist is commissioned to start a rough sketch of the idea. When color photos are used directly, one may be chosen from the stock on hand at the Marine Headquarters photo lab, or a Marine

TURN PAGE

BILLBOARD MARINE (cont.)



The Spanish-American War supplied excellent recruiting sign copy

MEN WANTED

U.S. MARINES

TWO-IN-ONE SERVICE—BOTH LAND AND SEA
WHERE OUR WARSHIPS GO
YOU'LL FIND THE MARINES
FROM THE SPANISH MAIN TO THE ORIENT
SERVICE ON SHORE
At Home and Abroad, From China to the West Indies. Why Not Join the Marines?

It May Be Better Than The Job You Have

Apply at United States Marine Corps Recruiting Station

Signs like this were tempting

U.S. MARINES

ACTIVE SERVICE
LAND SEA AIR

Active service; land, sea, air

HE DID HIS DUTY

"No finer military organization than the Marine Corps exists in the world."

**WILL YOU?
JOIN FOR ACTIVE SERVICE
LAND AND SEA**

U.S. MARINES

Apply At
24 East 23rd Street, New York, N.Y.

No finer military organization

photographer may be instructed to set up the picture desired.

The message which goes on the poster must be short and simple so that it can be easily and quickly read. The words must be carefully tied in with the picture so that it will necessitate only a glance from a passerby to accomplish its purpose. The words must be big enough to be seen from a distance and still not overshadow the picture.

Many variations of the basic slogan "Join the U.S. Marines," have been used on the posters to drive home the same thought. The newest series of "A" signs features a group of short catch phrases with appropriate illustrations. They stress, "It's the Tradition," "It's the Skill," "It's the Pride," "It's the Training."

These signs will differ from previous numbers which did not run in a series nor follow a definite theme.

When all the components which round out an original idea have been approved at Marine Headquarters, the entire product is packaged and mailed to Lieutenant Colonel John J. Capolino in Philadelphia. At this stage the billboard Marine is like a recruit going to Parris Island—subject to improvement. If you think the boot gets a going over at P.I. you ought to watch what Col. Capolino does to the two-dimension replica when it hits Philly.

The mailman drops the future billboard Marine off at 1100 South Broad Street, a grim, four story building located in the industrial area of the city. He's hustled (continued on page 74)



St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

VOL. 11—NO. 50—PART ONE

ST. LOUIS, MONDAY MORNING, JULY 6, 1918

**EXTRA
FINAL EDITION**

PRICE TWO CENTS

"COME ON BOYS"



Join Today! U. S. Marines



This device on hat or collar
means U. S. Marines

THREE-IN-ONE SERVICE

LAND—SEA—SKY



This device on hat or collar
means U. S. Marines

45,000 Marines are needed at once for Service in France. There is an urgent call for Electricians, Automobile Mechanicians, Telephone Repair Men and Machinists for **dangerous** overseas duty. Eighty Cooks also needed. Expert Cobblers and Tailors wanted. There is a place for every man.

Draft Men May Enlist if Not In Current Quota

Don't be the judge of your physical condition—let us be the judge. Married men, with consent of their wives, accepted.

Apply Recruiting Stations

Pine at Seventh, 1719 Market St., 13 S. Sixth St., St. Louis—Cape Girardeau, 14 Broadway—Hannibal, Mo., 116A S. Main St.—Columbia, Mo., Virginia Bldg.—Jefferson City, Mo., 134A East High St.—23 N. Main Street, St. Charles, Mo., Or Apply to Postmasters Anywhere.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS PATRIOTICALLY DONATED (WITHOUT SOLICITATION) BY U. S. MARINES

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association.
James J. Burke.
City Tire Co.

James Clark Leather Co.
Edward Devoy.
Field-Lippman Piano Stores.

General Motors Truck Co.
Hess & Culbertson Jewelry Co.
Hussey Tie Co.

McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co.
James P. Newell.
St. Louis Coffin Co.

In 1918, a married man could enlist for "dangerous overseas duty" if he had his wife's permission

POSTS OF THE CORPS



Corporal Harry R. Miyake, who served with the Fifth Marine Regiment in Korea, now pulls sentry

duty at Treasure Island's main gate. Famous San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge is in the background

TREASURE ISLAND

by MSgt. Steven Marcus
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by
MSgt. J. W. Richardson
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

IN FEBRUARY, 1936, 11 dredges were towed out into San Francisco Harbor and began the gigantic task of sucking dirt from the bottom of the harbor and depositing it atop a series of narrow shoals in the bay. The plan to make something out of nothing was not new; Californians had tossed it around for years. Engineers and construction experts had carefully analyzed the entertaining project. It was certain that the thing could be accomplished.

Eighteen-and-a-half months later, after an expenditure of four million dollars and the transferral of 25 million cubic feet of dirt, a new man-made island made its permanent appearance in San Francisco Bay. Nearby Yerba Buena Island, which had housed a government weather station and small naval installations for decades, was connected to the new island by a 900-foot causeway. Treasure Island, rising 13 feet above the water mark, and covering an area of 400 acres, was



During 1939 and 1940 nearly 20 million visitors were attracted to Golden Gate International Exposition.

When the Navy took over, Marines from the USS Delta Queen came aboard to establish a detachment

More than half of the Corps used T.I. as a stopover during Korea



ready for occupancy.

In 1939 and 1940, Treasure Island was the home of the Golden Gate International Exposition. Nearly 20 million visitors attended the fair on the tiny island, and the fame of the man-made isle became as wide-spread as that of its story book counterpart. When the fair ended and the music and gayety left the island, a new, serious function took its place. A European war had started, and the U.S. Navy had acquired Treasure Island for use as a Naval Station.

History of the Marine Corps on Treasure Island dates back to May, 1941, when a detachment quartered aboard the SS *Delta Queen* commuted to the island daily. Six months later, a Marine Barracks was officially established on the island, with interior security as its major assignment. During World War II, a casual company was added to the Barracks to facilitate handling of Marine personnel en-

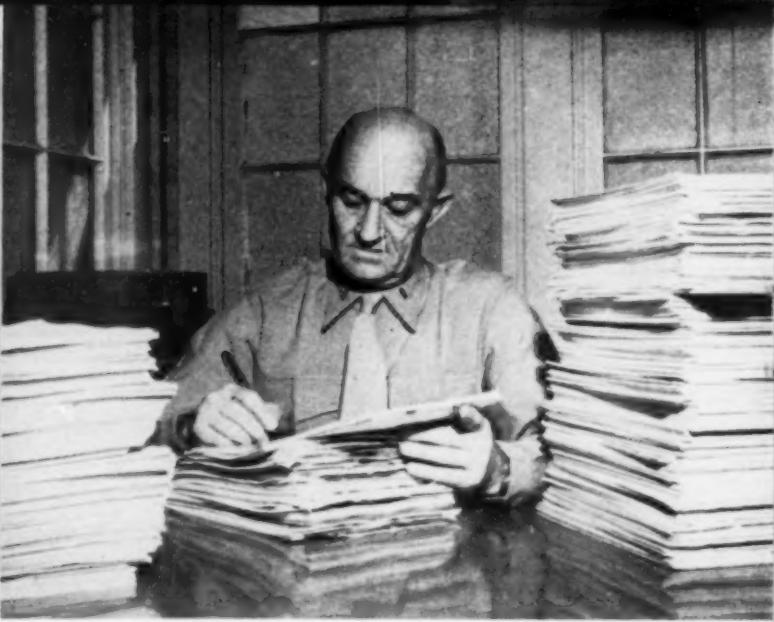
route and returning from overseas. The growth of the Treasure Island detachment was rapid: In 1942, one first sergeant and one clerk handled all administrative duties, but in July, 1945, the full-time of more than 80 administrators was needed to ensure the steady flow of paper work.

Today, Marine Barracks, Treasure Island, is a familiar sight to more Marines than any other base in the Corps. Since the beginning of the Korean war, more than half the strength of the Corps have either headed westward or returned through the water-bound portals of Treasure Island. In addition to handling outgoing casualties and returning drafts, the Barracks is responsible for inner security of both Yerba Buena and Treasure Islands; the administration of Marine instructors at the island electronics school; guarding of the Naval Detention Barracks; an administrative detachment at the Oak Knoll Naval Hospital; full-sized

TURN PAGE



Colonel William F. Parks, skipper of the Marine Barracks, inspects a sentry post



No wonder CWO Bennie C. Atkinson complains of writer's cramp! He signed 50,000 sets of orders during last year

TREASURE ISLAND (cont.)

legal, supply and disbursing sections; and as a side measure, attends to the administration of the Department of the Pacific Band.

Head man of this complex organization is Colonel William F. Parks. In addition to his duties as commander of the Marine Barracks, Col. Parks is also Naval Station Security Officer, Station Vehicle Control Officer, and according to the station list, has "duties in connection with the administration of transient personnel at and passing through the San Francisco area." His 367-man detachment is divided into nine semi-independent units to facilitate rapid action and close coordination.

Sergeant Major Robert F. Catlyn is number one enlisted man and chief overseer of the Treasure Island Marine activities. His headquarters office closely resembles the information desk at Grand Central Station, with a steady stream of personnel tromping through at all hours; unexpected emergencies are the order of the day. Sergeant Major Catlyn, an amiable, old timer with campaigns from Guadalcanal to Korea and 17 years of service under his belt, apparently thrives on this supercharged workload. He finds time to serve on the recreation council, contributes a Marine column to the station newspaper, and is editor of a weekly **BARRACKS BULLETIN**, a two-page mimeographed dope sheet for the Marine troops.

Inner security at Yerba Buena and Treasure Island comes under the control of Second Lieutenant Michael E. White and his 85-man First Guard Platoon. The platoon has the responsibility of Treasure Island's two main gates, the two entry gates to Yerba Buena Island, a daytime gate for civilian workers, and an information booth and bus checking post at Treasure Island. In addition, the platoon maintains around-the-clock radio motor patrols on both islands. While traffic control is the main task of the motor patrols, they also serve as eyes and ears for the detachment. A close watch is kept on everything that happens on the islands, and in the event of an emergency the motor patrols are usually the first on the scene.

Traffic violators on the station's overcrowded roads are dealt with in a daily traffic court. Technical Sergeant Paul F. Hendrickson, Guard Chief of the First Platoon, conducts the court. All violations are entered into a carefully maintained file, and habitual offenders are dealt with accordingly. Sergeant Hendrickson doles out punishments—to both civilian and military—ranging from a warning to permanent loss of station license.

The Second Guard Platoon, a 50-man unit headed by Captain John R. Greenstone, runs the Naval Detention Barracks on Yerba Buena Island. Here, prisoners serving sentences, and men awaiting trial, sentence or action of higher authority, are confined in the formidable gray structure. Old hands can probably remember when the rocky isle was known as Goat Island, but

in the late 1940s the citizens of California rebelled at the unromantic title, and the name was changed and duly recorded as Yerba Buena, in honor of the aromatic perennial of the mint family which thrives on the western seacoast.

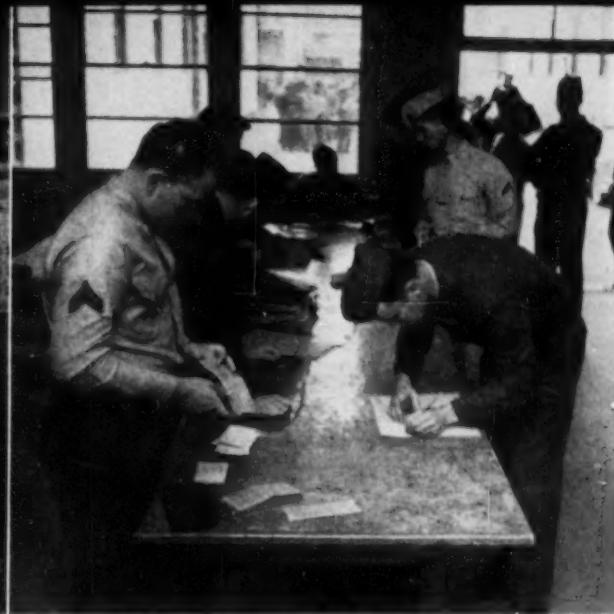
The detachment is housed in a trim one-story building adjacent to the brig. A barber shop, steam presser, recreation room and two bowling alleys compensate the brig watchers for the long hours spent on duty. Chow for the guard is eaten at the brig, and is the same menu which is given to the prisoners. In bygone years, the prisoners didn't fare as well as they do today. The present master menu features steaks twice weekly, chicken, roast beef, and a variety of well prepared vegetables and desserts.

The brig is now operated on a three section watch. Men stand brig watches one day, serve as chasers the next, and attend school, followed by liberty, on the third day. Top men of the Treasure Island Marine Barracks are chosen for duty with the Second Guard Platoon on the basis of their reputations for responsibility. Most of the men in the platoon are Korea veterans.

The detachment at the Naval Hospital, Oakland, is the smallest independent unit of the Treasure Island organization. At present it numbers one officer and eight men, and is responsible for the records of all Marine patients at the hospital. Numerous interviews and long hours of clerical work are necessary to bring service records up to date. In the event of evacuated wounded they provide the



A newly-arrived rotation draft gets the word via the loudspeaker from MSgt. James R. Van Hekken



The troops collect pay, travel allowance and new orders prior to going on 30 days Stateside leave

man with a temporary record prior to his transfer to duty or another hospital. Patients are paid, clothing issued, and in many cases, varied personal matters receive attention.

The handling of casualties and large bodies of transient troops is not a new chore for Treasure Island. The barracks had processed thousands of World War II casualties, and through the latter 1940s had served as a personnel center for the Department of the Pacific, funnelling men to Fleet Marine Force overseas stations and supplying replacements for shipboard detachments. When the First Marine Division was committed to the Korean conflict, the Casual Section of the Treasure Island Marine Barracks immediately assumed new importance. Today, it is the largest section of the Treasure Island command, and is an important cog in the Marine Corps personnel machine.

Major Francis L. White is Officer-in-Charge of the Casual Section, with 227 officers and men in his command. As the Korean drafts—both incoming and outgoing—grew larger, the section stayed with it. New methods of handling troops were devised, and a score of new administrative forms were invented and put into use to facilitate the processing. Each facet of the system was carefully examined, and if necessary, revised. Today, a returning contingent can be started homeward in no more than three to five days after steaming into San Francisco Harbor.

All personnel arriving at Treasure Island are separated into two classes, incoming and outgoing, and are handled

and processed as independent units. Top priority is given to overseas men arriving for emergency leave. These men normally land at Travis Field (50 miles north of San Francisco) where they are met when the plane doors open. If they require clothing or a money issue, they are transported to Treasure Island and issued the necessary items. Transportation is arranged for their journey home. The entire process is completed within the space of a few hours. When the emergency leaves are over, the men report to Treasure Island for the return journey to their original outfits.

Rotation drafts comprise a larger volume of men processed by the Casual Section, and the wheels at Treasure Island begin to turn long before the troops catch their first glimpse of the California coast. As the returning contingents board ships in Korea or Japan, records and orders for staff NCOs are flown to Treasure Island by courier. The courier arrival is the signal for all hands to turn to on the preliminary phases of the processing. Although each man in the Casual Section has a definite job, all are familiar with the entire show, and in the event of a bottleneck, are temporarily assigned to another segment of the operation until things are rolling smoothly again. Alphabetical rosters of the incoming draft are mimeographed, personnel cards prepared on each man, and the assignment of personnel begins. With the exception of staff NCOs who are assigned by Headquarters Marine Corps, the personnel assignment falls into two categories. Men who enlisted

west of the Mississippi are assigned future duty stations by Department of the Pacific, and East Coasters draw their new duty stations from the Treasury Island section.

When the troop ships dock, men come ashore carrying toilet articles and small hand bags. They are welcomed home and loaded aboard busses for the short trip to the Treasure Island casual barracks. Arriving at the barracks, the troops are met by Master Sergeant James R. Van Hekken, Chief Troop Handler of the section. Sergeant Van Hekken and his troop-handling crew play an important part in the success of the troop processing machine. The major job of the troop handlers is to make assurance that the returnees meet all appointments in a rigid schedule and are in the right place at the right time. All troop handlers are NCOs who have seen service in Korea.

As the Marines unload from the busses, they are quickly formed into 200-man companies, issued linen, and assigned bunks in a 200-man squad bay. The incoming draft area is capable of handling 2600 men at one time, but at times when drafts have numbered as many as 3200, it has been necessary to borrow additional billets from the Navy, and press NCOs from guard platoon and other units into temporary service as troop handlers. As soon as a contingent has been bedded down, the disbursing section takes over. Since service records had arrived 10 days previously and all pay records had already been checked, each man is paid up to \$100. Liberty follows. The average draft is

TURN PAGE

TREASURE ISLAND (cont.)



The eyes and ears of the guard detachment belong to the roving radio patrol. Sgt. Richard L. Huff checks in with the guard office



Mail must be readdressed and forwarded to Marines who were guests on the Island. Pfc Kenneth L. Boyett checks the mail file



ready to go ashore within two hours after arriving at Treasure Island. Liberty ends at 0600 the next morning.

Normally, busses are provided to carry uniformed troops to the Treasure Island train stop on the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, but during the recent train strike, the skipper of the Treasure Island Naval Station, Captain John T. Warren, USN, arranged for the provision of busses to carry military personnel into San Francisco and return—compliments of the Navy.

The following morning, troop handlers guide their charges through the familiar maze of x-rays, physical examinations, and clothing issues. By the time the men have returned to the barracks from the first morning's appointments, sea bags and locker boxes have been unloaded from the ship and deposited at the casual barracks. When an occasional sea bag disappears and a call to the dock area fails to locate it, the unhappy owner is given a complete clothing reissue in order that he will not be delayed at Treasure Island.

Many of the needs of the returning drafts have been anticipated and are provided for in the draft billeting area. Ticket agents for all railroads, airlines and bus lines are on hand whenever a draft is in, and a 20-booth long distance telephone office has been erected in the area for the convenience of the returning Marines. After the returnees have run the processing gamut, they receive their orders, pay and records, and head home for leave before reporting to their new duty stations. Last official act of the troop handlers is to see that every man boards a bus that will take him to a railroad station, bus terminal or airport to make his connection home.

All orders for returning draft personnel are signed by the Casual Section Personnel Officer, Chief Warrant Officer Bennie C. Atkinson, who in the last year has undoubtedly signed his name enough times to establish an all-time record. By the last count, CWO Atkinson figures he has signed his name to almost 50,000 sets of orders, and in the understatement of the year, grins, "It's just about given me writer's cramp." A veteran of almost 41 years of service, Gunner Atkinson is one of the truly "old Corps" Marines still on active duty. In the earlier days

← "Pop" Stelzner, veteran cabbie, has driven eight years at T.I.

of his career he recalls serving with young Marine lieutenants named Franklin A. Hart, Graves B. Erskine and Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr.

Marines arriving on the island for further transfer to Security Forces, ships' detachments, or awaiting transportation to the First Divvie, are housed in a separate section of the casual area, but are processed in a similar manner. Arriving troopers turn in their orders, get a bunk and liberty card and settle down for the routine clothing and record book checkover. An average time of two weeks elapses before the men are headed for overseas.

Occasionally, when an overseas draft arrives on Treasure Island just before a big holiday, special effort is made to expedite the processing to allow the men to be home in time for the holidays. Last Christmas a 2500-man draft was processed and headed homeward in 14 hours, which for some sections, entailed around-the-clock working hours.

The rigorous working schedule, however, does not cause normal Marine Corps procedure for the barracks troops to fall by the wayside. All phases of the training schedule are covered, and an NCO school prepares junior non-coms for future rank. Guard mounts are a daily ritual for the guard platoons, and each Wednesday brings with it a rigid personnel inspection.

Duty at Treasure Island has its compensations, in spite of the long hours and sometimes tremendous workload. Many men who have served a tour on this California island have shown unlimited determination in their efforts to gain reassignment. At the top of the credit ledger, Treasure Island offers easy access to some of the best liberty on the West Coast. From the main gate, a 50-cent limousine fare will take a diversion seeker into the heart of downtown San Francisco, and during leaner times, he can accomplish the same thing with a 10-cent ride on the "B" train. And who has ever registered a complaint after a weekend liberty in San Francisco?

For the married men of the detachment, a commissary is centrally located on the island. Nearby Naval Housing is reasonably priced and generally available.

The truce in Korea has temporarily lessened the workload for the Treasure Island Marine Barracks. But with the Third Division now serving with the First Division and Air Wing in the Orient, rotation drafts may resume their steady procession on the man-made island. Treasure Island seems to be destined to become a home away from home for the entire Corps. **END**



When the troops unload, they carry only their personal gear. Casual Company personnel deliver the heavy baggage to the barracks area



When a man returns from overseas, one of the first things he does is call home. Treasure Island has 20 long distance telephones available

Christmas Leave

by Frank Scott York



ONLY TWELVE HOURS and two hundred miles from its starting point at Parris Island, the old car groaned, coughed and stopped.

The three Marines looked at one another gloomily, then peered out the windows. A rolling, rock-pitted field to their left meandered to a barren, slate-gray horizon. To the right, a sloping, rough lawn climbed to a cluster of dark brick buildings.

"Great," Rattigan breathed. "Just great. We spend Christmas in a cotton field."

Corporal Wheeler reached over from behind the wheel and punched the rust-

mottled dashboard. "I told you guys," he complained. "Let's chip in, you guys said. We buy a cheap car and save dough. We sell it in New York after hot-rodding it all the way. Even beat the bus, you guys said."

Pfc Grunch, alone in the back seat, pointed an accusing finger at Rattigan. "You," he snarled. "You knew a guy who knew a guy. For sixty bucks, twenty apiece, we ride in style." Grunch slammed his fist into the sagging upholstery. "This . . . this heap."

"Awright," Rattigan sighed, reaching for a cigarette. "We're the victims of a vicious profiteer. But never mind, we'll take care of Smiling Sam when we get back. Only, the problem is,

Illustrated by Sgt. John Chalk

Leatherneck Staff Artist

what do we do now? We got five days. This is the day before Christmas. Do we get out and collar a couple rabbits for Christmas dinner here, or do we hoof it back to that town we passed?"

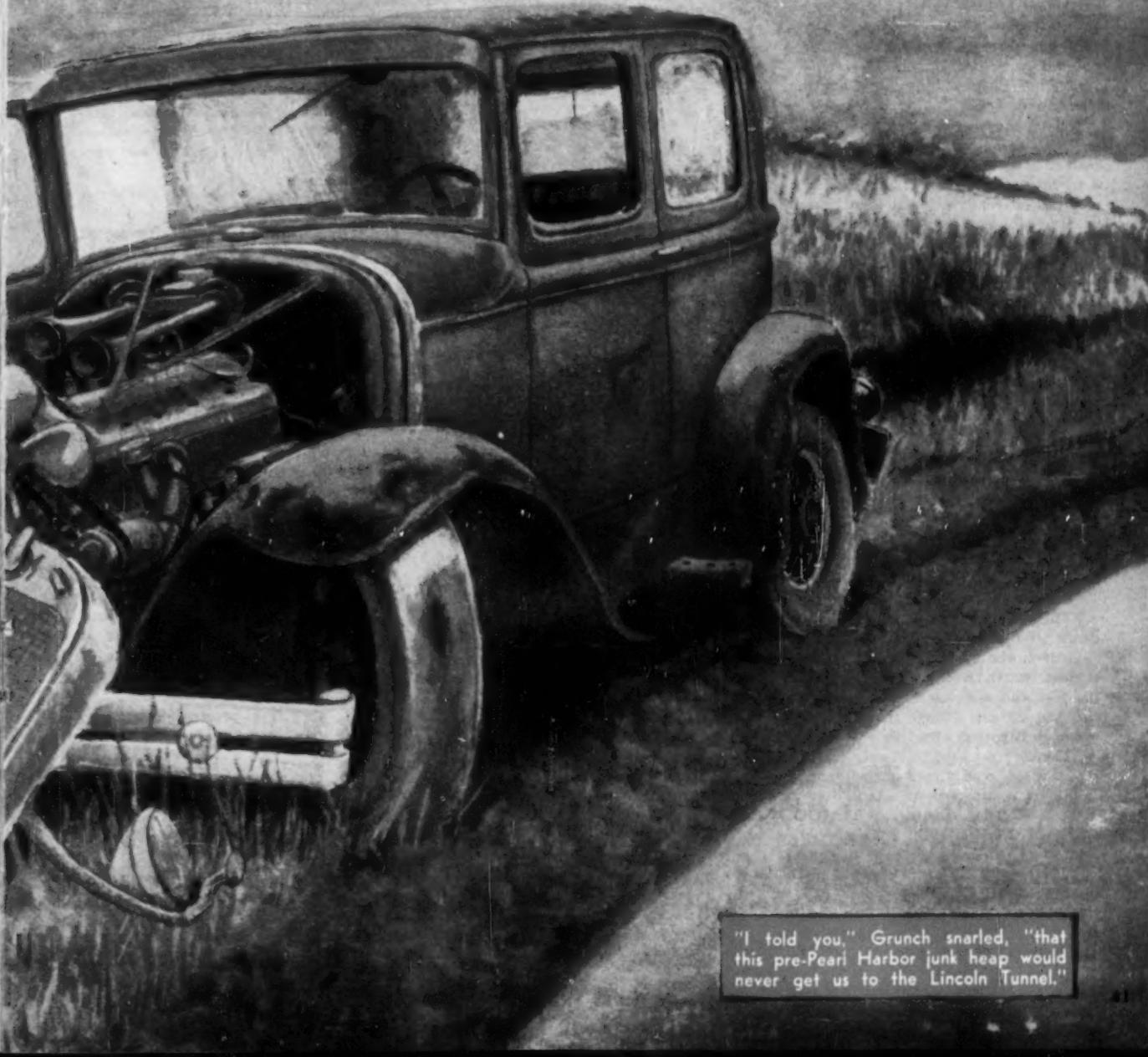
"I told you," Brunch snarled. "A pre-Pearl Harbor junk heap will never get us to the Lincoln Tunnel. But no . . . this friend of a friend who knows Smiling Sam . . . he'll get us a buy . . . a real buy. Merry Christmas, suckers!"

"Twenty bucks apiece," Wheeler said tragically. "Smiling Sam is probably laughing his head off."

"You said he looked honest," Wheeler reminded.

"After this," Grunch shouted, "my own brother don't look honest." He

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"I told you," Grunch snarled, "that this pre-Pearl Harbor junk heap would never get us to the Lincoln Tunnel."

CHRISTMAS LEAVE (cont.)

clutched his head in misery. "All that liberty goin' to waste in New York and we're stranded in a cotton pickin' cotton field."

"Looks a little like Korea," Rattigan muttered, kicking the door open. "Let's see if the natives are friendly."

"I'll get Smiling Sam with a BAR," Grunch promised as he stepped out of the car and looked around sadly. "And maybe a hand grenade for the coup-de-grass."

Corporal Wheeler, by virtue of rank, assumed command. "Okay, you guys, we ain't done in yet. First we take a look at this motor. If we can't get the heap rolling, we go up to them buildings and use the phone. We can get a taxi to haul us to the nearest bus stop."

"I got forty-three bucks," Rattigan pointed out. "After bus fare, what'll I have left? And it's my first Christmas leave in two years . . ."

Wheeler pried the hood open with a jerk. It came off the chassis with a squeal of protest. He stared at it for a moment then threw it angrily to the side of the road, using a good, earthy word of annoyance.

"That's fine," Grunch complimented sarcastically. "Let's tear the heap apart and build a new model."

Rattigan reached for a wire and tugged viciously. With a grinding, weary lurch, the entire front end of the motor dropped to the highway. At the loud crash and final death shudder of smashed parts, the three men again eyed each other.

Grunch laid down at the side of the road and folded his hands under his head. "I'm staying here," he announced sadly, "till merciful death claims me."

"Come on," Wheeler said, savagely kicking a hubcap. "Up to them houses to use the phone."

"Suppose they haven't got one?"

"Then maybe they got a car to drive us to town."

Grunch thought it over and decided it was worth trying. He climbed to his feet and spat on the windshield of the sagging car. "Take that," he muttered and trotted after his two friends.

"There's a sign," Rattigan said, pointing to a battered metal inscription that was nailed to a tree.

They read silently, "ELWOOD SCHOOL FOR BOYS." And in smaller letters, "The Home Without A Fence."

"What is it?" Grunch asked nervously. "A jail?"

"No," Wheeler said. "I heard of the joint. It's sort of a charity place for underprivileged kids."

"How did you happen to know about it?"

Wheeler looked at him belligerently. "I was in a place like this myself when I was a kid. Up north. So what?"

"So nothing," Grunch shrugged, looking at his friend curiously. "You never said nothing about it."

"You never asked me."

"Well, let's not stand around discussin' it, let's see if they got a phone."

The Marines walked rapidly up the winding, gravel path and as they neared the gloomy main building, faces began to appear at the windows.

"Kids," Rattigan commented without interest. "They locked in?"

"No," Wheeler said. "Probably their lunchtime. There's a couple coming out now to meet us."

Two boys in brown corduroy knickers and rolled down black socks came slowly down the front steps of the porch, staring at the three Marines.

"Hi, fellers," said Grunch. "The top-kick around?"



"Knock it off," Wheeler said. "They got supervisors, not topkicks."

"There's a difference?" Grunch asked innocently. He leaned down and swung one of the boys up in the air. "How are you kid?"

The boy was eight or nine and his freckled face lost its scared look almost immediately and broke into a wide grin. "You a Marine?"

"We're all Marines," Grunch replied, setting him down. Other boys appeared on the porch, staring. Grunch made a formal introduction. "Corp. Wheeler, Pfc Rattigan and me . . . Pfc Grunch." He saluted the porch snappily and a long, audible breath was expelled as the boys moved slowly nearer, eyes bright and excited.

"Marines," somebody whispered tensely.

The three men found themselves surrounded. A finger traced Corp. Wheeler's hashmark. Wheeler shook the finger gravely and said to the upturned face, "What's your name, kid?"

"Rufus," the freckled face grinned. "Sir."

"Hey, Mac," Grunch said to a six-year-old who hung back fearfully, "what do they call you?"

The six-year-old turned and scampered around the building, small legs churning frantically. The three men laughed and after a moment the boys joined in. The word, "Marines," was still being passed excitedly from one to the other.

"What a place for a recruitin' office," Grunch said.

"Hey, Rufus," Wheeler said gravely. "Where's your supervisor?"

"Right here," a friendly voice said from the open door. A middle-aged man in a sweatshirt came down the steps, smiling. "Are we being invaded?"

"No sir," Wheeler laughed. "We broke down in front of your place and we were wondering if we could use your phone. We're from Parris Island, on our way north for five days Christmas leave."

"Of which one day is already shot," Grunch added.

"My name is Tucker," the man said, shaking hands. "No matter the reason for your visit, we're glad to see you. Eh, fellows?"

The boys nodded violently. Wheeler found a small hand had attached itself to the sleeve of his greens. He patted the top of the boy's head and at this encouragement the two other Marines found small hands reaching for their sleeves.

"Our phone is temporarily out of order," Mr. Tucker smiled, "but we have an old station wagon that will get you back to town."

"Great," Wheeler smiled. "We certainly appreciate it. We were beginning to think we wouldn't get to New York."

"Sir," the boy named Rufus said. "Were you ever in Korea?"

Corp. Wheeler nodded. "We all were, Rufus. That's why it's important that we get to New York. The last Christmas . . ." Wheeler shrugged.

"Well," Mr. Tucker said, "this will make Christmas for the boys . . . your stopping in. I think . . . to look at their faces . . . they're enjoying it more than they'll enjoy their presents tomorrow."

"Will they get presents?" Wheeler asked softly, over the heads of the children.

"Yes. The County provides a package for each," Mr. Tucker nodded. "A game or toy . . . not much, but . . ." his voice dropped, "they're not used to much."

Grunch suddenly broke from the circle and ran around the corner of the building. When he reappeared he was holding aloft the squealing, wriggling

(continued on page 73)

When a trooper wanted information he had to supply enough frothy lubrication to eventually get the old salt to the point...



IN THE BOOK

by S. D. Mandeville, Jr.

TODAY'S MARINES ARE a lucky lot. When a guy wants to know the proper interval between changes of socks he can always refer to a handy little volume called the *Guidebook For Marines*.

The old timers, back three or four generations, couldn't do that. When a rear ranker needed the straight scoop on a phase of military craft as prac-

ticed by the Corps he wound up either asking the Gunny or taking a poll of his shipmates. Either course was subject to a certain degree of error and frustration.

Gunnys in times past were no less talkative about their achievements and feats than they are today. When a trooper wanted information he had to be willing to sit through a couple of sea yarns, and if ashore, supply enough

frothy lubrication to eventually get the old salt to the point.

Quizzing buddies was equally perilous since their knowledge was generally confined to what they heard around the scuttlebutt. Back in the old not-so-dear dead days there were no boot camps, OCS, guidebooks or manuals.

Even as the last century was running out its string the military in this country was considered a "practical" pro-

TURN PAGE

IN THE BOOK (cont.)

fession learned only through experience and at the feet of old timers.

They didn't do things the Marine Corps way then; they really did 'em the HARD way. Few publications were available to help the inexperienced officer, noncom or recruit to learn the details of his trade. Reference texts on strategy and tactics (for those who were interested) were primarily foreign publications.

The famous ten percent were those who DID get the word.

It was just about a century ago that one of the earliest Marine Corps publications of an instructional nature went out to the field. It was called *Regulations for the Recruiting Service of the United States Marine Corps*, and it came out in 1847. Like many of our present manuals it was blunt and simple. The Regs provided that "a premium of two dollars will be paid to any citizen, noncommissioned officer, or soldier, who shall bring to the rendezvous (recruiting station) a recruit provided he pass inspection and be properly enlisted."

After cautioning the recruiters that "No man is wanted who does not come voluntarily to the standard of his country" the Regs then insisted, "immediately after the man has enlisted the recruiting officer will have his hair cut close to his head and cause him to be well washed from head to foot. . . ."

During the Civil War several books and pamphlets were written by officers and civilians alike to assist the young officer or recruit to understand the regulations and drill of the Army. Maybe the Corps was satisfied with letting matters stand once it got its recruits washed, for there appears to have been no book or manual prepared during this period specifically to help Marines past the bathtub and into the service. Of course, the expansion of the Marine Corps during this period was small compared with that of the Army and Navy, and that may account for the absence of "a book."

In 1875 Lieutenant Mannix, USMC, edited *Instructions Relative to the System of Accountability for Clothing, Arms, and Accouterments, Etc.*, as a help for Marines in administrative matters. The good lieutenant really laid down the foundation for supply functioning when he wrote, "Receipts for clothing, arms, etc., will be made in triplicate."

The pay rates of 1872 were also set forth in the *Instructions*. Privates' pay ranged from \$13 per month during the first five-year enlistment to \$20 per month after 20 years' service. The

rare individual who made sergeant major during his first enlistment received \$23 per month, while the sergeant major with over 20 knocked down a cool \$30.

The first handbook on general military subjects prepared especially for use by Marines came out in 1885. This book contained regulations and advice along the lines of the current *Guidebook For Marines*, and was called the *Marines' Manual*.

Some of the items were crudely explained, but other practical hints on life in the Corps would be considered sound today. This bit of wisdom was passed on to company commanders: "Where conveniences are to be had, the men should bathe once or twice a week; the feet should be washed at least twice a week." No advice was offered as to what to do if there were

no "conveniences." Noncoms were told to see that the men under their care "wash their hands and faces daily" and "wash the stockings whenever soiled, and the underclothing once a week." The Corps was probably the only service that was "wash happy."

The new *Guidebook For Marines* contains 19 pages on the service rifle. The 1885 *Marines Manual* contained this unabridged technique for squeezing off a round:

"Take the best position for holding the rifle.

"Aim it correctly

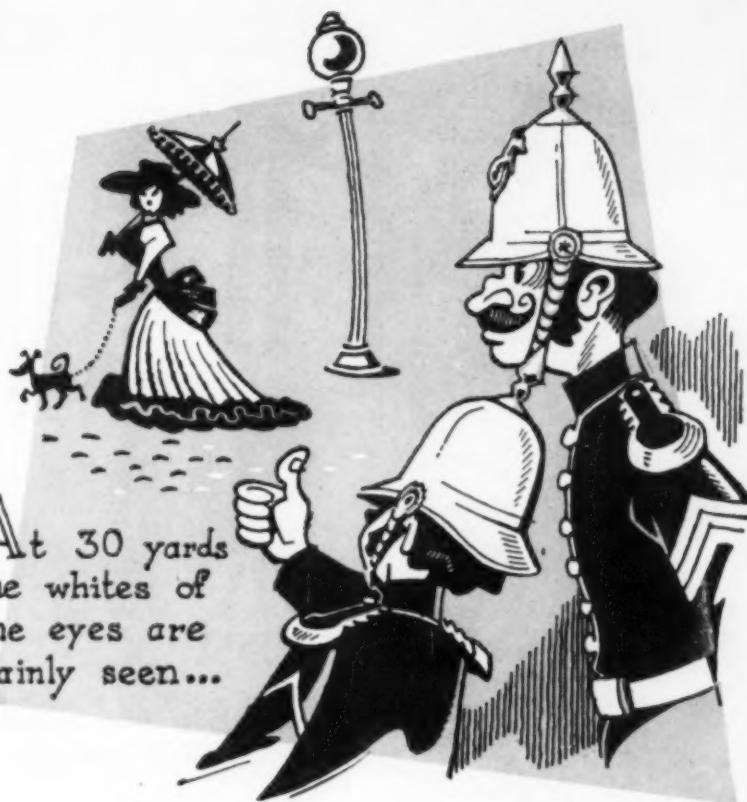
"Hold it steadily, and

"Pull the trigger without deranging the aim."

With this complete set of instructions, how could you miss?

Heavy emphasis was placed on ac-





At 30 yards
the whites of
the eyes are
plainly seen...

curate range estimation, and in the back of each *Manual* there were blank forms on which the Marine recorded quarterly his progress in estimating distances accurately, as well as information concerning his target practice scores and his clothing issues. General rules for range estimation were given as:

"At 30 yards the white of a man's eyes is plainly seen . . .

"At 150 yards the buttons on the blouse can still be separately distinguished . . .

"At 300 yards the buttons are no longer visible . . .

"At 400 yards the face is a mere dot . . .

"At 1000 yards a line of men simply resemble a broad belt . . .

"At 2000 yards a mounted man appears as a mere speck or spot . . ."

Special advice to the inexperienced Marine was contained in the *Manual*: "An old soldier drinks and eats as little as possible while marching. The recruit, on the contrary, is continually munching the contents of his haversack and using his canteen; it is a bad habit and causes much suffering in the end."

The lessons learned and the principles developed through scores of landing operations during the first

hundred years of the existence of the Marine Corps were incorporated in the *Naval Brigade and Operations Ashore* published by the Navy in 1886. This publication was the forerunner of today's *Landing Party Manual*. Logically, the editor was a Marine, First Lieutenant H. K. Gilman, the same officer who had prepared the *Marines' Manual* the year before. As early as the year 1864 *Ordnance Instruction for the United States Navy* contained a three-page section entitled "Landing Seamen, Marines, and Howitzers for Exercises or Service on Shore." These were general rules for the conduct of landing operations or exercises, but the main emphasis was on the handling and control of boats during the landing.

Another publication of interest to the Marines during this period was the *Instructions for Infantry and Artillery*, published by the Navy in 1891. This book contained instructions for infantry and artillery drills and exercises from the school of the squad and section to the school of the battalion. This publication became the basic guide for Marine Corps drills and ceremonies.

The gradual awakening in the Marine Corps to the importance of formalized instruction and training was evidenced in part by the development of these

publications. The conscientious study of military subjects was further encouraged by the adoption of the officers' promotion examinations in 1891. As early as 1878 the Secretary of the Navy in General Order No. 237 had prescribed examinations for promotion to corporal and sergeant, including "reading, writing, and the simple rules of arithmetic."

Prior to this period Marine Corps officers were commissioned directly from civilian life or were promoted from the ranks. Those in the former group were without any military training, and many in the latter group had received only limited formal schooling. The requirement for better trained and educated officers was recognized, and in 1881 a program of obtaining officers from among the graduates of the Naval Academy was initiated.

The need for a Marine Corps school "to keep pace with the progress made in the methods of warfare . . ." was evident. In 1891 the first Marine Corps officers' school, the School of Application, was established in Washington, D. C. During the first year the staff consisted of only the Commanding Officer and one instructor, but what it lacked in staff it made up in organization. The School was organized into seven "departments": Infantry, Artillery, Administration, Law, Torpedoes, Engineering, and Military Art. Prior to graduation the first class (consisting of seven lieutenants) was examined by the Colonel Commandant and the Quartermaster of the Marine Corps who were "most favorably impressed." A year later, an Enlisted Men's Department was organized for the practical training of noncommissioned officers and "intelligent privates."

This school had considerable influence on the training efficiency of the Marine Corps. It was after the establishment of the school that the Marine Corps increased in stature and became recognized as one of the elite military organizations of the world. It was the finish of the slap-dash era of sea-soldiering.

When a man enters the Corps today he starts with a school, boot camp, whose main text is the *Guidebook For Marines*. Its 476 crammed pages include everything from the history of the Corps to survival of a radiological attack. Throughout a Marine's career, the *Guidebook* remains a dependable reference source. It also serves as a jumping-off point for specialist training.

Marines today are never far removed from a classroom or professional books. This is one of the reasons that men of the present Corps are renowned not only for their ability as fighters but for their thorough training and intimate knowledge of military subjects. **END**



Official U.S. Navy Photo

Lt. Col. Marion E. Carl, rigged out in his high altitude pressure suit, dismounts from the Navy Skyrocket. His altitude record still stands

THE TOWNSFOLK OF a 350-person Oregon village remember a lanky, quiet kid who spent his play time tinkering with tractor and truck motors, and scrimped all week to buy an airplane ride on a Saturday afternoon instead of a movie ticket for a western. Today that kid is 38—and he's still in love with flying machines.

Lieutenant Colonel Marion Eugene Carl, USMC, formerly of little Hubbard, Oregon, has flown higher and faster than any other military pilot.

In the past 16 years, Col. Carl has logged more than 7000 flying hours. He

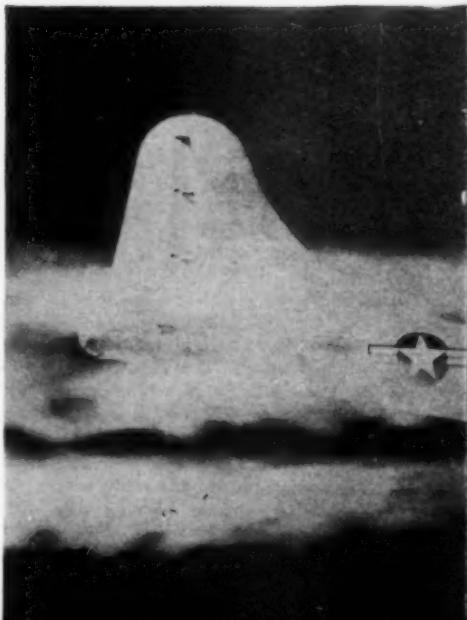
holds the altitude record of 83,235 feet (almost 16 miles) and has made the fastest flight in military history—1143 miles per hour. He was the first Marine to fly a helicopter, turbo driven prop, a tailless Delta Wing (F4D), and he was the first to take off and land the Air Force's Shooting Star on a carrier. His guns shot down 18 Zeroes at Midway and the 'Canal and earned him two Navy Crosses and a recommendation for the Congressional Medal of Honor. At one time he had more jet flying experience than any pilot in the Naval Service.

Col. Carl served more than five years

HIGH MAN

by MSgt. Paul Sarokin
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Lt. Col. Carl checked his altimeter: 83,235 feet. Was there a limit?





Lt. Col. Marion Carl set altitude mark of 83,235 feet, then flew 1143 mph for military speed record

Official U.S. Navy Photo
in D-558-II, jet-rocket type aircraft. Record runs were clocked over Muroc Dry Lake in California

as a test pilot for the Navy at Patuxent River, Md., trying out Navy and Marine Corps fighter and attack planes. He has made evaluation studies on the Panther series, Banshees, A2Ds, 4FDs and F7Us. And like other test pilots he's had his share of "near ones." He had to bail out twice over Patuxent and last April his back was broken in a jet crash.

When he was graduated from Hubbard High, young Carl went on to Oregon State, earned an Aeronautical Engineering degree, and accepted an ROTC commission with the Army Engineers. After college, he had to make one of his toughest decisions—whether

to take a job with Boeing at \$120 per month—top pay in 1938—or begin a flight training career with the armed forces.

The Marines got Carl by sheer luck. To ensure an aviation career, he rapped on the doors of the Seattle Navy and Air Force Recruiting Stations. He wanted in; all someone had to do was make him an offer. When the Air Force balked because of Carl's minor ankle ailment and asked him to come back later, he quickly signed for Navy Cadet training. Navy doctors had assured him that his ankle would be OK by the time his training began. But Carl, young and impatient, was in a

hurry to get his wings. As it happened, the next cadet class at Pensacola was scheduled for Marine aviators. That suited Carl; he became a Marine.

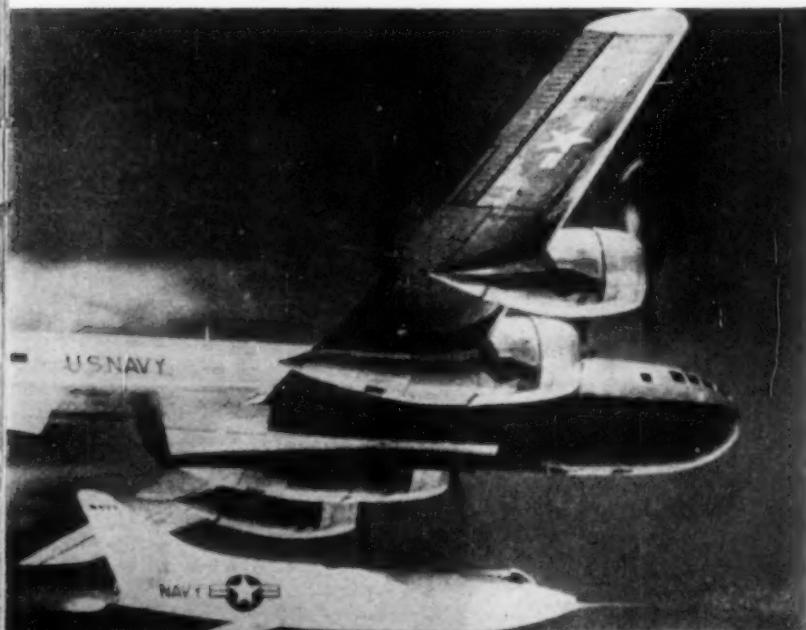
When his Grumman Wildcat was hit by Zeroes over Guadalecanal, he bailed out at 22,000 feet. He spent four hours in the water before friendly natives fished him out and hauled him into the jungle where he survived on coconuts and bananas for five days. Carl managed to get back to his outfit by using his boyhood mechanical skill to overhaul a motor launch which British troops had abandoned during the Japanese invasion.

At the end of World War II, Carl ranked number seven among Marine aces. His picture, bearing a strong likeness to Jimmy Stewart, appeared on the cover of the New York Times Magazine of October 25, 1942, and he was given a hero's welcome after coming home from two tours of combat flying.

Today the Colonel is equally at home at the controls of a fighter or transport. His favorite, however, is the sleek, new Sabrejet (F-86), fastest U.S. fighter in production. When he talks about the Sabre, his dark eyes flash and he glows with boyish enthusiasm.

"MIGs may be lighter and faster, or they may climb higher—but the Sabrejet is sturdier, better constructed and

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Official U.S. Navy Photo
High over Muroc, Calif., Air Force Base, a converted B-29 mother ship air-launches the Douglas Skyrocket.

HIGH MAN (cont.)

has a far superior fire control system," he says. He bets his life on the Sabre and calls it the best fighter the U.S. has today.

"When it comes to jets, we have no reason to envy any other country," he



Official USMC Photo

January, 1944, found Col. Carl on Vella Lavella, well on his way to becoming a triple ace

says. He rates our interceptors as "probably the best."

In August, 1947, when he set a 650.6 mph speed mark in a Douglas Skystreak, Carl became the first Marine to hold an official world speed record. It was the fastest any human had traveled up to that time and his mark surpassed the velocity of a .45 caliber bullet. During the 18-minute record flight, Col. Carl's instrument panel recorded Mach number 84. One is the Mach number used to designate the speed of sound. His Skystreak burned jet fuel at the rate of 2.4 tons per hour.

Two electronically synchronized high speed cameras, manned by Wright Field technicians, verified the record on film.

The sound barrier, according to scientists, is a relative, elusive entity which depends upon certain temperature and altitude conditions. Breaking the sound barrier, in itself, poses no great problem for aircraft designers or pilots. The real difficulty begins long before most ships attain the speed of sound—about 760 mph. As any pilot will tell you, it's hard to reach supersonic speeds when shock waves disrupt the characteristic air flow of a hurtling plane and buffet it around in mid-air.

Col. Carl's altitude record of 83,235 feet set on August 21, 1953, in a

Navy D-558-II Skyrocket over Muroc Dry Lake, Calif., does not go into the books as official because he did not take off under his own power, as required by the National Aeronautic Association. He was launched from a B-29 flying at 33,500 feet. His first rocket failed to ignite and he dropped to 28,000 feet before his ship fired up. At 75,000 feet his fuel was exhausted but the initial thrust carried him an additional 8235 feet. That height was, and still is, the highest altitude any human being has ever attained. He broke the former record of 79,494 feet which had stood since August, 1951.

During his climb for altitude, made to test the Navy's spaceman high altitude pressure suit, the roaring blasts of his four rockets gulped fuel at the rate of more than a ton per minute.

On September 2, in the same Navy experimental aircraft, he was clocked at a speed of 1143 mph before his fuel supply ran out. The world's speed record—1238 mph was set in August, 1951, by a civilian, Bill Bridgeman, who test-pilots for Douglas.

"Some of our planes are designed

well enough to take more speed," says Carl, "but it has now become a matter of power. And power takes fuel."

Because of their limited fuel capacity, rockets are still a long way off, he believes. On his altitude and speed runs, both made with the Skyrocket—Colonel Carl ran out of rocket fuel and landed dead stick without a thimbleful of fuel in his tank.

Rocket and jet planes are similar in external appearances says the Colonel, but there's a fundamental difference in power. Rockets are powered by liquid oxygen and alcohol. Jets use JP—a fuel similar to kerosene.

When you are 16 miles in the stratosphere, there is no appreciable change except that the curvature of the earth is noticeable—if you can take your eyes off the instruments and controls long enough to look. At 63,000 feet, atmospheric pressure is so low that human blood boils. And it's cold outside—about 55 degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

Speed impression is relative when a plane is traveling between 400 and 600 mph. Col. (continued on page 79)



Photo by MSgt. John J. Connolly
Lt. Col. Carl explains finer points of the Skyrocket to son Bruce as his wife Edna looks on. Daughter Lyanne takes a skeptical viewpoint



ONE FAIR CORNER

by William R. Wendt

Death may have added its gentle influence to the ultimate success of Commodore Perry's mission

ON MARCH 6, 1854, almost a century ago, Private Robert Williams, United States Marine Corps, died suddenly from peaceful causes while serving as a member of the Marine Detachment, U.S. Steam Frigate *Mississippi*. Although his death occurred during a peaceful era, it caused initial international complications.

At the time of Private Williams' death, the *Mississippi* was in Japanese waters as a unit of Commodore Mathew Calbraith Perry's East India Squadron. The occasion was Perry's second visit to the Empire within a nine-month period, in an effort to conclude a treaty of peace and amity between the United States and Japan.

Perry was endeavoring to accomplish

diplomatically, a goal which had eluded the best efforts of all the civilized nations of the world during the previous 200 years. Negotiations had proceeded precariously along devious lines, hindered by intricate protocol and imperative diplomatic maneuvers; now with the goal in sight, an act of the Almighty in reassigning Williams to the Celestial Detachment, was likely to upset further progress.

A delicate international question was posed by Private Williams' sudden demise. Where could the Marine be properly buried ashore? The fact that Private Robert Williams had been an American citizen, therefore a foreigner, and a United States Marine, could probably have been overlooked but not the fact that he was a Christian.

The Portuguese had introduced Christianity to Japan as early as 1550. But after about four decades, its followers underwent severe persecution. Ultimately, those who survived the persecutions, were finally expelled. Others had been massacred and their bodies had been buried at Simabara, Japan. Over their graves, the local Japanese authorities had then placed the following rather startling inscription:

"So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the great God of all, if he violates this command, shall pay for it with his head."

TURN PAGE

ONE FAIR CORNER (cont.)

The existence of this inscription was of course known to Perry, who had completed considerable research prior to undertaking his mission to the Orient. Moreover, Perry undoubtedly remembered his debt to two Marine enlisted men who had acted promptly to save his life when it was threatened by King Crack O of the Berribbee Tribe on the African Station. But, could Perry afford to jeopardize his entire mission, one given him personally by the President of the United States, by insisting, despite the Japanese aversion to Christians, upon a proper Christian burial ashore for the deceased Private Williams?

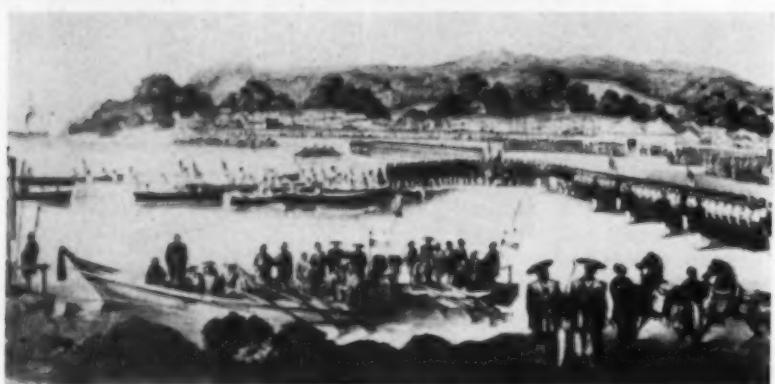
It was likely that Perry was weighing other considerations, too. The Commodore was almost 60 years of age; the aftereffects of an old wound compounded with rheumatism, made him miserable. He longed to be back in the States with his wife and children. It had taken him 44 years to become the third ranking officer in the Navy; if successful, this mission could become the most important accomplishment of his career. He was also aware that certain other foreign nations were racing to be the first to accomplish the same mission. The honor of the United States and of its Navy as well as whatever might accrue to him, were all involved, but he stood resolute on his integrity.

The Commodore acted without hesitation. To a party of Japanese officials, who happened to be visiting him aboard his flagship, he proposed to buy a plot of burial ground ashore for Williams and for any other Americans who might die.

The visiting authorities were astounded by Perry's audacity and retired in a quandry to deliberate. Following their deliberations, in Oriental fashion, they countered with a proposal that Williams' remains be buried with quiet ceremony in a certain temple in Nagasaki—one reserved for the interment of foreigners.

Commodore Perry firmly objected to this counter-proposal on the ground that undisturbed resting places were granted by all nations. As a face-saving solution, he then proposed that Williams be buried on Webster Island, a small body of land near the anchorage of his Squadron in Tokyo Bay.

The Japanese authorities, however, raised strong objections to the use of Webster Island as a burial ground. Finally, after much deliberation, they proposed that burial take place in Yokohama, near a suburban Buddhist Temple but in full view of the Squad-



ron at anchor. The authorities, while thus yielding, at the same time expressed their fears that the funeral might attract an inconvenient crowd, and therefore nominated a Japanese officer to escort the cortège. Commodore Perry agreed to this arrangement.

On Thursday morning, March 9, 1854, the Japanese officer nominated, boarded the *Mississippi*. Normal preparations were made for the funeral that day. At 3:00 p.m., "all hands" were called "to bury the dead." Just prior to 5:00 p.m., the customary passage of scripture was read by the Chaplain at the gangway. On the bell strokes marking the hour, flags of all vessels in the Squadron were half-masted and the funeral party, embarked in two boats, pushed off for the beach.

Quite a number of Williams' shipmates had sought permission to attend his funeral, but only a small number received permission in order to reduce the possibility of incidents ashore.

Embarked in the first of the two boats carrying the funeral party, were Captain William B. Slack, USMC; Assistant Surgeon Arthur M. Lynah, USN, and Chaplain George Jones, USN, the latter robed in his ecclesiastical gown. The second boat, carrying the body of the deceased was manned by a corporal and six Marine privates.

When the boats touched ashore at Yokohama, they were seen by a large crowd of Japanese gathered to witness the proceedings. Any misgivings about the character of the crowd, were somewhat dispelled when Chaplain Jones, despite his Christian robes, was respectfully received by the Mayor. The crowd present seemed to view the scene with great curiosity but retained a funereal attitude.

The burial procession was quickly formed. Marines with reversed arms formed the vanguard. They were followed by musicians of the *Mississippi*'s band, employing fifes and muffled drums as they played the "Dead March." Chaplain Jones preceeded the coffin which was borne by four Marines. Captain Slack, Assistant Surgeon Lynah, a hospital steward, and eight sailors from among Williams' shipmates, followed in the rear of the procession.

The procession followed a route through Yokohama along which placards directed the populace to remain clear of the streets. A number of Japanese did appear at the doors of houses and shops but did not look resentful.

Eventually the cortège passed the limits of Yokohama and halted at a Buddhist Temple just about 100 yards beyond. Here it was met by an elderly Japanese Buddhist priest wearing richly embroidered robes. The prevalence of



bas-relief figures, sculptured headstones, and stone idols in the vicinity, clearly marked the site as a Japanese burial ground.

It was rather surprising, therefore, when the elderly Buddhist priest now indicated that Private Williams' final resting place would be just a short distance removed from the Japanese burial ground around the Temple. He then led the funeral procession to the foot of the grave.

The American's grave lay in a semicircular sweep of the hills which faced Tokyo Bay. These hills, too, were thronged with Japanese spectators, all of whom also continued to maintain a respectful silence.

The Japanese officials now took up positions at the foot of the grave while the Marines formed a line at the opposite end. The elderly Buddhist priest then took a position near the Marines, at a small table on which were a quantity of paper, incense, cooked rice, saki and a gong.

Chaplain Jones stepped forward and read the traditional Protestant Episcopal Service without evoking a murmur from the crowd. Immediately after Williams' body had been lowered into the grave, the Marines fired the first of the traditional three volleys. At once, there was a startled half-shout from the hitherto silent onlookers which

re-echoed through the surrounding hills but caused no interruption of the last two volleys.

When the American service was concluded at length, a deep silence seemed to engulf all present. The elderly Buddhist priest paused only long enough to assure himself that the Christian rites were indeed over, then without any advance notice, reverently commenced the strange Buddhist funeral ritual over the grave. The assembled crowd, who grasped the significance immediately, made no move to deter the rites which followed.

Death, the great leveller, had united the emotions of the attending nationals of both great nations. Then the Americans re-formed their ranks and solemnly returned via the route they had come to the landing place.

In time, a neat enclosure of bamboo was erected around Private Williams' grave by the Japanese authorities. A small hut was also erected nearby to shelter the Japanese guard who was detailed to watch over the grave in accordance with Japanese custom.

Commodore Perry's resolute efforts to obtain a treaty of peace and amity, thereafter, were eminently successful. In its small way the international bond of death may have added a gentle influence to the success of Perry's mission.

END



Leatherneck Laffs

Leatherneck Magazine



"Thelma? Harry. Hi ya honey? Say, I just got back from Korea and . . . Oh! You are . . . ? Who's the lucky man? Un huh . . . Yeah . . . Uh huh . . ."



"Shhhhhh . . . The captain is busy making out the promotion list!"



"O.K. you guys—back to work!"



"Where's Shorty?"



"Ten o'clock—time for lights out!"

Leatherneck Magazine



".... and maybe just one little stripe?"



R.F. Wadsworth
"Oh, Oh—here come the party poopers!"



"Well, whaddya know—a present from the troops!"



"For you, Sir"



Ken Duggan
"Put on a clean pair every day like they said,
Now look, The shoes won't fit!"

Santa Claus, U.S.A.

by MSgt. Robert W. Tallent
USMCR

Marine Reserves make Christmas a happier occasion for needy tots

ACH YEAR, just before Christmas, several thousand Marine Reserves scour the major U.S. cities in an all-out search for toys. The project which sets off this big hunt is the now-famous "Toys for Tots" campaign, sponsored by the Organized Marine Corps Reserve.

The program, now entering its seventh year, has just one purpose . . . to collect toys and distribute them to underprivileged kids at Christmas time.

Toys for Tots runs along military lines, but it is easier to plan than a big scale combat operation. First comes an estimate of the situation, then a plan of operation is made up. The approach, attack, consolidation and exploitation phases follow. The big difference, however, lies in the outcome; in combat it amounts to destruction of enemy forces. Toys for Tots, on the

other hand, spells out happiness for thousands of families and it is completely constructive. Yet the military principles operate equally well in both cases.

Another feature about the Toys for Tots operation that is different is the fact that there is no central GHQ. There are over 220 Marine Corps Reserve units scattered throughout the country in major population centers. Each unit, battalion, company or squadron conducts its own individual campaign or joins forces with an already established drive.

That's where supporting arms come in. Tremendous importance is placed on them during the toys operation. In the battle area it's tanks, artillery, aircraft and naval gunfire; with Toys for Tots it's the Salvation Army, Junior Chamber of Commerce, Kiwanis Club, Rotary Club, Elks, Catholic Youth



Stan Musial's children, Janet, 3, Dickie, 12, and Gerry, 7, donate their toys for the less fortunate



Navy firemen at NAS, Denver, assist in repairing the toys donated to the Marine Air Detachment

SMCR

Organization, YWCA, Goodfellows, Community Chests and many others. Strong support comes from the Naval Reserve and other components of the armed forces. Cooperation with the Marine Corps Reserve Toys for Tots program is not a national policy of any of these outfits; their help is given purely on a local level, according to the desires of each group.

Aid comes from many individuals, also. Two of the biggest guns in this year's campaign are Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, who have cheerfully given their support to the effort. Before the drive is over on December 25th, you'll probably hear Hope's familiar radio voice telling the nation that, "On Christmas day the toughest fighters this world has ever known will play Santa Claus to underprivileged children from one end of this country to the other—."

The operation plan for Toys for Tots



It's a heartwarming experience for the Marine Reserves when a youngster smiles her thanks for a Christmas toy



During the first week of the campaign, Denverites donated over 800 toys to the Marine campaign



Arizona Marines make certain that Papago Indian kids are not left out during Toys for Tots drive



Orphanage children in Los Angeles get a double treat when movie star Kathryn Grayson arrives with the Marines to distribute Toys for Tots

SANTA CLAUS, USMCR (cont.)

is as direct as a parade ground command. Collection barrels are spotted in the cities and towns, then the public is asked to donate new or serviceable toys to underprivileged children. Reservists pick up the toys and process them. In every local campaign, the gift distribution is under the direction of, or in cooperation with reputable welfare agencies or community organizations.

After wrapping the toys, Reservists provide whatever assistance is needed in the distribution. The work is done on the Reservists' own time and it does not interfere with regularly scheduled drill meetings.

Although the plan is simple, there are many variations used in accomplishing the mission. In St. Louis, Mo., 175 churches affiliated with the Board of Religious Organizations publicized the collection and encouraged members to bring toys to the churches where they could be picked up by the Marines.

In the same town, 27 neighborhood theaters had special "Toy matinees," where admission was one toy.

In Little Rock, Ark., a jeep "toymobile" toured city streets. Christmas carols were played through a loud-speaker system set up on the vehicle

and residents were invited to bring out their toys for curbside collection.

The Inspector-Instructor Staff of Marine Reserve units, which is composed of Regulars, helps out during the drive. When the campaigns are at their peak, usually the week before Christmas, it is not unusual to find the local recruiter, his wife and a relative or two packaging gifts in the training center. Sitting next to him there's likely to be two or three Marines, on leave from Lejeune or Pendleton, repairing or wrapping kiddie cars, erector sets and lead soldiers.

It was the combined spirit of all these civic and military groups last year that helped the Marine Corps Reserve collect and distribute nearly 1,000,000 toys to needy children.

Since the 1952 campaign, additional Reserve units have been established and they will conduct drives for the first time this year. The overall collection estimate for 1953 is 2,000,000 playthings—a lot of knicknacks in anybody's kindergarten.

Marines who have participated in these drives report that they tend to snowball once the community gets the word that the Corps is out to aid hapless kids.

Last year in Reno, Nev., Marine Reservists asked city welfare organizations how many toys they needed to distribute to less fortunate children at Christmas. The Reservists kicked off their Toys for Tots campaign, hoping

they could come close to filling the bill. At the conclusion of the operation the Marines were able to supply each organization with four times the number of toys requested.

A startled Marine Corps Reserve officer in Indianapolis reported that his unit had expected to collect about 1000 toys—the final total was more than 20,000!

And in Jacksonville, Fla., deluged Marines had to ask public-spirited citizens to halt the toy donation. They had run out of storage space.

When it comes to Toys for Tots, the big cities are surprisingly generous. In Boston, the response is always enthusiastic and the toy total climbs into five and six figures every year. In Philadelphia last year several Reservists were so engrossed in the last minute work of the campaign that they neglected to finish their own Christmas shopping.

In practically all localities business organizations are the mainstays of the drive. Packing firms donate the collection barrels. Material for wrapping and painting the big drums is supplied by various stores and the Reservists muster the labor to make attractive displays. Department stores then place the barrels in conspicuous places as do fire houses and movie theaters.

Since there's no hard SOP for the drives in the different cities and because the entire program is at the discretion of commanding officers and inspector-instructors, the campaigns vary widely. In one city the drive may get under way with all the tinsel whoopla normally associated with the arrival of a circus. In another locality the approach may be on a more dignified plane.

Actually, the campaign depends upon the temper of the town. In the west they lean more toward the brassy, rodeo type operation while Boston's drive is definitely on a more conservative level. Regardless of the approach, the outcome continually nets thousands of toys for underprivileged youngsters. In the Los Angeles area, where Toys for Tots originated, film celebrities bear a hand in the drive. Last year Kathryn Grayson was the Toys for Tots sponsor in the L.A. area; Peggy Lee also helped publicize the campaign, as did John Wayne, Virginia Mayo, Charles Coburn, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis and other stars. Support in the areas of Philadelphia and New York comes from social orders and women's universities. Marines in one place are likely to be decked out in blues or greens while leading parades, riding floats, attending dances and making collections. In another town they may spend most of their extra time in dungarees, working on a long toy re-assembly line.



Milwaukee Marines' outdoor advertising brought many toys



Santa Claus has plenty of help from Marines in New Orleans



Marines deliver Toys for Tots to Alexandria, Va. fire station

A typical Toys for Tots campaign was the one held last year in Phoenix, Ariz., where more than 25,000 toys were collected.

Long before the holidays, the problem of supplying Christmas toys for needy children was being considered by three citizens of Phoenix: Mr. A. R. Loughborough, a retired businessman who liked to repair broken toys and present them to children at Christmas; Mrs. Mildred Gillespie, executive secretary of the Phoenix Community Council, who in past years had coordinated campaigns to collect toys for children; and Lieutenant Clark Hale, who was about to launch a Toys for Tots campaign similar to those conducted by the majority of Reserve units throughout the country.

Mr. Loughborough had been working six to eight hours a day throughout the year in order to have as many toys in good repair as possible. The toys had been collected at Phoenix fire stations and brought to Mr. Loughborough for renovation. With Christmas approaching, he needed help.

Mrs. Gillespie also was anxious to obtain all the cooperation she could in perpetuating and expanding the various drives which had existed in Phoenix in other years.

Lieutenant Hale, new to the city, was directing the development of the Ninth Engineer Company, USMCR. He wanted to make a success of Toys for Tots—such a success that residents of the area would know the Marines were personally interested in the community life of Phoenix. If the unit was to succeed in becoming a strong link in the nation's reserve forces, it had to be accepted by the residents of Phoenix—just as other Marine Reserve units, all

over the country, have to build and maintain good community relations.

Lieutenant Hale, a Regular Marine assigned to supervise the Reserve unit, announced that the Marines would conduct a toys campaign.

He got in touch with community leaders; from some he drew instant promises of support. Others had a "wait and see" attitude, wondering if the campaign were not more of a publicity stunt than a genuine desire to be of service to the community.

The Marine Corps officer and the Reservists in the unit started planning. Before the campaign was actually underway all community leaders were convinced of the Marines' sincerity.

The first step in this community-wide campaign was a meeting with Mrs. Gillespie, Mr. Loughborough, and representatives of the Visiting Nurse Service; the Family Service of Phoenix; the Catholic Social Service; the Salvation Army; the Golden Gate Settlement; the Maricopa County Department of Public Welfare and the Phoenix Day Nurseries.

Mr. Loughborough said he had thousands of reconditioned toys ready for distribution. More would be available, he said, if he could get some help during the month of December.

Fire Chief George L. Simpson said Toys for Tots collection barrels could be set up in all city fire houses for the collection of new or used toys. A similar agreement was made with the chief of the rural fire department.

John Barry, Maricopa County superintendent of public instruction, sent letters to principals of all public schools, describing the Toys for Tots drive and asking for the students' cooperation.

The students responded with hun-

dreds of toys and offered aid in other ways. Several high school newspapers ran stories and pictures concerning the campaign. Art students at one school volunteered to turn out posters to help the publicity drive. Radio and television appearances were arranged for members of the unit so they could discuss the campaign and its objectives on the air.

In addition to incorporating Toys for Tots material in their sponsored programs, Phoenix business establishments responded to a Marine mail appeal with nearly 1000 bright new toys.

A bakery and a storage firm donated the barrels and boxes which were placed all over town to receive the toy donations. Another group offered gaily-colored crepe paper and ribbon for the Reservists to use in decorating the barrels.

The newspapers swung behind the drive when it became evident that the Marine Reserve unit was genuinely concerned with the needs of less fortunate children. The two daily papers—the *Arizona Republic* and the *Phoenix Gazette*—ran (continued on page 78)





French submachine-gun

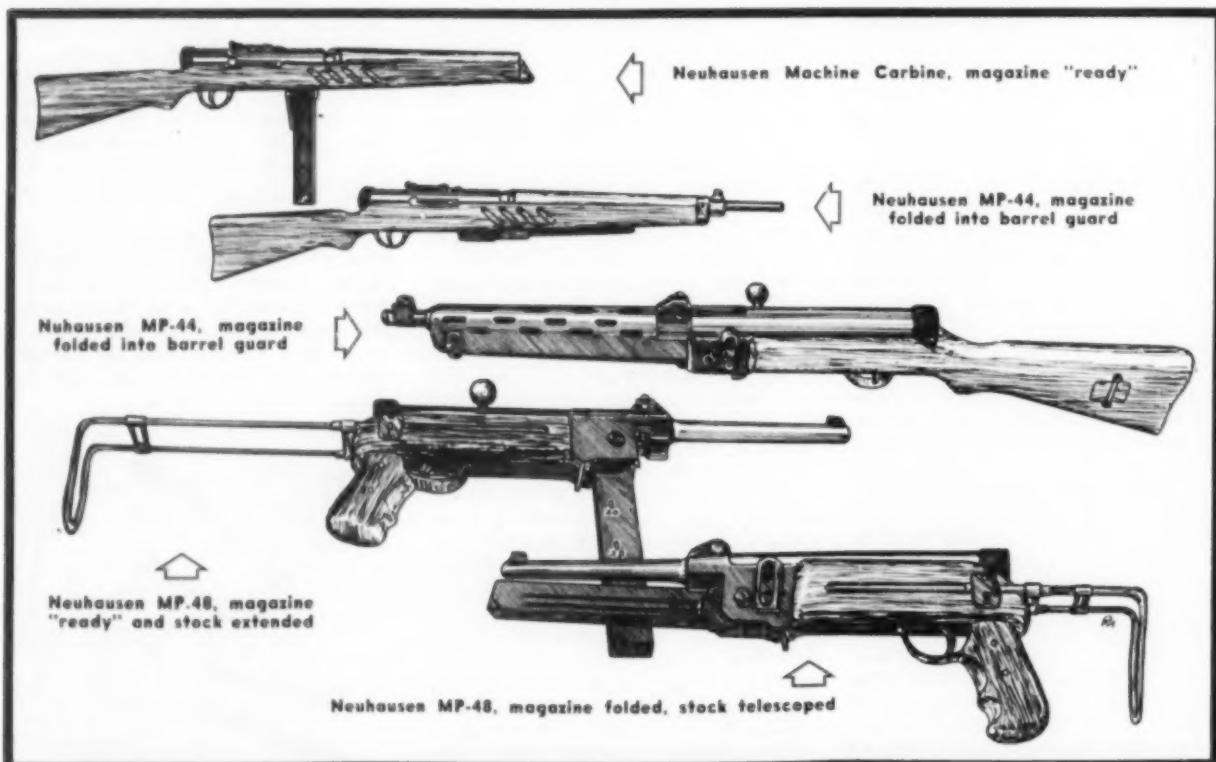
by Roger Marsh
Illustrated by author

Post WWII LIGHT AUTOMATICS

PART II

IN 1934 THE Schweizerische Industrie-Gesellschaft or Neuhausen am Rheinfall in Switzerland was turning out experimental models of the company's later "Carabine Mitraleuse Neuhausen".

This was, in effect, a full-sized military carbine firing pistol ammunition. It was available in 7.65-mm. and 9-mm. Parabellum and in 7.63-mm. and 9-mm. Mauser. The arm used the Pedersen locking system in which a comparatively light bolt head receives the direct thrust of the blowback of the cartridge upon firing, transmitting it to a fairly heavy bolt body. After the bolt head and body have moved



back a short distance (about 2-mm. in this arm), the bolt body continues to the rear. Continuous movement of the bolt body then unlocks the bolt head from its locking shoulder and carries it back.

This complicated system has advantages in firing pistol ammunition from a long-barreled arm, and it offers some insurance against the possibility of an extra-high power load blowing out the case.

However, this pre-war weapon was hauled up primarily because it was the first in a series of arms produced by the Neuhausen people in which the magazine, when not in use, could be swung forward and up to nest in a recess in the forearm, making the weapon easy to carry.

This feature reappeared in the Neuhausen MP-44, a straight-blowback arm chambered for the 9-mm. Parabellum and produced late in World War II. The arm had a sheet-metal barrel guard which also served to protect the magazine when it was folded forward.

This MP-44, which eliminated the locking system of the original arm, also had a fixed wood buttstock. It was a transitional arm, for the Neuhausen a few years later presented the MP-48 to a waiting world.

The MP-48 is also a straight blowback. The sheet-metal barrel-guard of the MP-44 has been dropped, the fixed buttstock has been replaced with a telescoping stock, something like the one found on the US-M3 series. The arm, however, still retains the swinging-magazine system.

In all of these Swiss arms, many of the working parts evidence an attempt on the part of the manufacturer to stick to cylindrical forms.

But in the new French submachine gun, apparently an outgrowth of the MP-48, there has been a complete "switch." The magazine still swings forward for carrying, and the arm has a telescoping stock, but in this French weapon most of the working parts and receiver are rectangular in section.

The French have made an improvement of sorts: they have extended the swinging magazine housing tube (which accepts and swings with the magazine) and have provided it with finger recesses for greater ease of handling.

The folding magazine feature is popular; newsphotos of French troops using the arm show the magazine in all positions from "ready" to the full-forward carrying position. However, we'd still like to clock the time it takes for a man guarding prisoners to get into action in a hurry. He must set the magazine, cock the piece and make sure the ejection port cover is open before he's ready for business! **END**

Sky lines



Edited by TSgt. John P. McConnell



Photo by Bell Aircraft, Fort Worth, Texas

Bell XHSL-1 is today's most powerful anti-submarine helicopter. The twin-rotor craft is produced by Bell Aircraft in Fort Worth, Texas

The Navy's first helicopter designed for anti-submarine warfare, the tandem rotor Bell XHSL-1, left the ground recently at Fort Worth in its initial hovering test. Navy and company officials declared the operation entirely satisfactory.

Flight tests will follow after the required number of hours of hovering performance tests are completed.

Bell Aircraft Corporation was awarded the XHSL development contract in June, 1950, before the outbreak of hostilities in Korea. Bell won the Navy's design competition in which all major helicopter manufacturers competed. The design incorporated all necessary size and performance requirements specified by the Navy for anti-submarine applications.

The craft differs from conventional helicopter concepts in that it features compactness in size, thus entailing high disc loading and high tip speed for maximum power and lift. A natural consequence of the high rotor tip speed is high cruising and top speed.

Blades are equipped with folding mechanisms to reduce overall length and to facilitate stowage.

Air forces of 32 countries are using military aircraft or engines manufactured either in Britain, or in their own countries under British patents and licenses.

British jet planes are now being flown by 20 air forces. A dozen countries are flying more than one type. Uncle Sam is flying one British type—the record-

breaking English Electric Canberra twin-jet bomber, produced by Glenn Martin as the B-57A night intruder.

* * *

A continuing program, designed to create better understanding in the nation's schools of the historical, economic, social, political and military aspects of aviation, has been announced jointly by the National Aviation Education Council and the Aircraft Industries Association.

The program will be undertaken by working groups of teachers of the various school grades and, ultimately, of college level. Financed by the AIA and directed by the materials of instruction committee of NAEC, the program contemplates assembly of all pertinent information, evaluation by the working groups and interpretation and preparation of the materials for school use.

* * *

The Navy's newest fighter, the "Batwing" Douglas F4D, will be equipped with air cycle refrigeration units built by Hamilton Standard Division of United Aircraft Corporation. Individual units are required to cool the cockpit and electronics equipment compartment. At 14.7 pounds it is among the lightest ever developed to deliver 20 pounds of air a minute.

* * *

General Electric plans to set up \$30 million facilities for jet engine research and development at the company's huge jet center in Lockland, Ohio.

END



Leatherneck Rifle Winners



Second Annual
— Third Quarter



Grand Prize Winner

Winchester Rifle, Gold Medal and \$50.

PVT. ELWYN D. HOLLOWAY—239
Platoon 217, 3d Battalion
Marine Corps Recruit Depot
San Diego, California



Second Prize Winner

Silver Medal and \$50.

TSGT. HENRY J. RECHIN—239
Marine Barracks, Naval Base
Brooklyn 1, New York



Third Prize Winner

Bronze Medal and \$50.

CORP. DONALD H. JOHNSON—212
B Company, 2nd Amphibious
Tractor Battalion, FMF
Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

**HERE ARE THE WINNERS OF THE OTHER AWARDS IN THE THIRD QUARTER
LEATHERNECK RIFLE COMPETITION**

IN ADDITION TO THESE PRIZES, ALL WINNERS
RECEIVED A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO LEATHERNECK

STAFF NCOs—SGTS

238 TSgt J. A. Graham
ForceTrps, Camp Lejeune

CORPORALS

WINNERS OF GOLD MEDAL AND \$30 IN CASH

235 W. L. Taylor
SOS-1, MCAS, El Toro

237 Pfc W. M. Dalton
ServBn, MCS, Quantico

237 M. B. Collinsworth
1stRecTrngBn, MCRD, Parris Island

238 Sgt W. R. Hornsby, Jr.
2ndMarDiv, FMF, Camp Lejeune

WINNERS OF SILVER MEDAL AND \$15 IN CASH

235 A. George
WpnnsTrngBn, Parris Island

236 Pfc K. R. Nelson
8thMar, 2ndMarDiv, Camp Lejeune

237 B. F. Robey
4thRecTrngBn, MCRD, San Diego

237 TSgt R. M. Dunn, Jr.
MCDoS, San Francisco

WINNERS OF BRONZE MEDAL AND \$15 IN CASH

235 E. E. Jarrod
3dMarDiv, Camp Pendleton

236 Pfc T. R. Sarna
2ndMarDiv, Camp Lejeune

236 R. H. Botsford
3dRecTrngBn, MCRD, San Diego

237 MSgt M. R. A. Braidwood
C Co, MCS, Quantico

WINNERS OF BRONZE MEDALS

234 R. E. Albright
H&SBtry, FPO, San Francisco

235 Pfc C. C. Scott
2dMarDiv, Camp Lejeune

235 A. E. DeWitt, Jr.
2ndRecTrngBn, MCRD, San Diego

237 TSgt R. Bowen
NAS, Quonset Point

233 J. Taylor
WpnnsTrngBn, Parris Island

234 Pfc J. M. Cropp
12th Mar, Camp Pendleton

235 R. L. Glenn
1stRecTrngBn, MCRD, Parris Island

237 SSgt R. C. Stanfill
ServBn, Camp Pendleton

233 A. Guarino
MB, NB, Brooklyn

234 Pvt C. M. Tate
NAD, Hingham, Mass.

235 M. J. Gallimore
1stRecTrngBn, MCRD, San Diego

236 SSgt F. M. Martin
HqCo, Camp Lejeune

WINNERS OF LEATHERNECK CERTIFICATES

232 J. J. Weinograd
8thMTBn, Camp Lejeune

233 Pfc B. L. Muller
MB, NB, Norfolk

234 C. H. Wood
1stRecTrngBn, MCRD, San Diego

236 Sgt H. S. Burke, Jr.
2ndRifCo, USMCR, New Rochelle

232 P. A. Bowman
TrpTrngUnit, Coronado

233 Pfc P. J. Healy
MB, NB, Norfolk

234 R. C. McGhee
Pit 175, MCRD, Parris Island

236 Sgt W. L. Albright
MAD, NAS, Squantum, Mass.

232 J. Mendes, Jr.
MB, NAS, Quonset Point

232 Pfc C. L. King
RangeCo, Camp Pendleton

233 J. L. Kapiko
2ndRecTrngBn, MCRD, San Diego

236 Sgt V. J. Hecker
TVMSc, Camp Pendleton

231 J. S. Gibson
MABS 27, MCAS, Cherry Point

230 Pfc D. R. Nantz
3dMAW, Miami

233 L. W. Dailey
Pit 174, MCRD, Parris Island

236 SSgt G. B. Merrell
RRDef, Camp Lejeune

230 M. A. Flowers
HqSq, MCAS, Cherry Point

230 Pfc R. W. Tarst
RangeCo, Camp Pendleton

232 D. G. Welsh
1stRecTrngBn, MCRD, San Diego

236 TSgt R. W. Hutcherson
MB, NB, Brooklyn

230 B. M. Oshiro
Navy 128, FPO, San Francisco

229 Pfc C. D. Smith
3dMAW, Miami

232 A. L. Bennett
4thRecTrngBn, MCRD, San Diego

236 Sgt R. R. Portas
2ndServBn, Camp Lejeune

230 R. B. Linker
MABS 24, MCAS, Cherry Point

229 Pfc A. P. Walker
MB, NB, Norfolk

232 D. J. Willis
Pit 174, MCRD, Parris Island

235 Sgt D. L. Jensen
MB, Mare Island

229 J. A. White
HqCo, MCS, Quantico

229 Pfc V. J. Liotta
3dMAW, Miami

231 W. A. Goodwin
1stRecTrngBn, MCRD, San Diego

235 TSgt R. A. Bruland
BrigCo, Camp Pendleton

229 H. J. Ferree
HqCo, Camp Pendleton

228 Pfc D. W. Kingrey
MCSC, Barstow

231 D. G. Asmuth
2ndRecTrngBn, MCRD, Parris Island

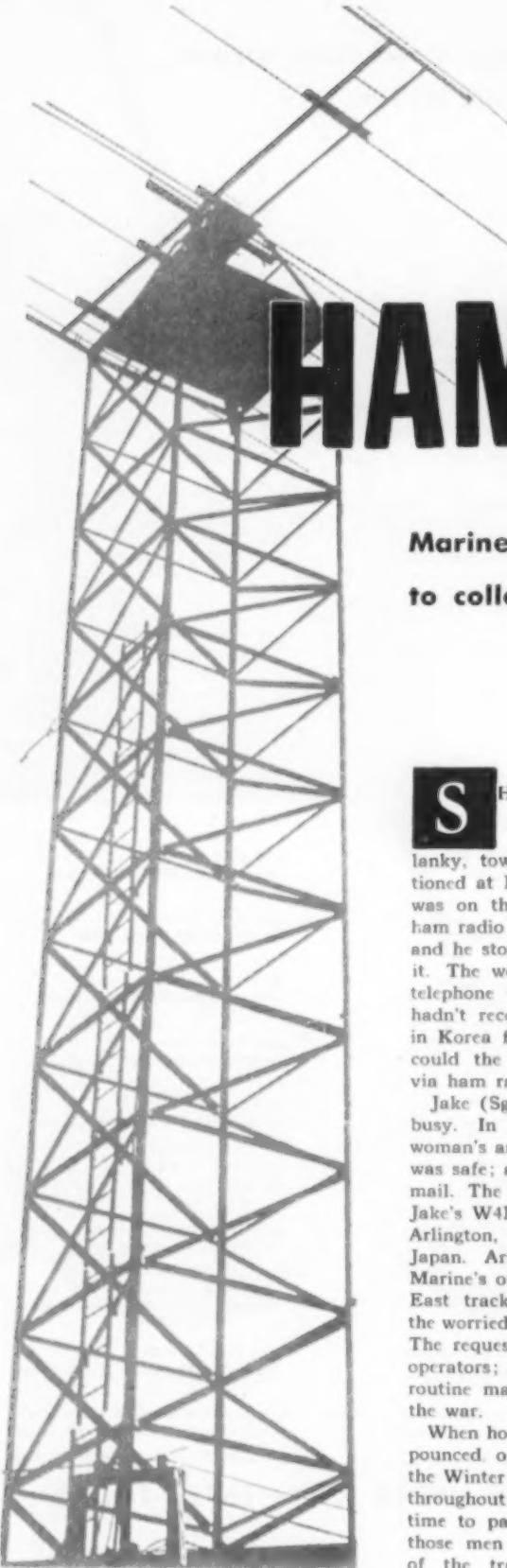
235 MSgt J. W. Muth, Jr.
SubUnit 1, Camp Lejeune

228 L. J. Chambers
WpnnsTrngBn, Parris Island

228 Pfc A. E. Ebner
12thMar, Camp Pendleton

231 L. W. Fair
6thRecTrngBn, MCRD, Parris Island

FOURTH QUARTERLY COMPETITION IS NOW UNDER WAY—ENTER TODAY



Official USN Photo
Marine hams in Japan can pick up stations in the U. S. with this huge tower and antenna. It belongs to KA2MB

HAM HOOKUP

Marine amateur radio operators relay messages to colleagues around the world in a few seconds

by TSgt. Curtis W. Jordan,
USMC

SHORTLY BEFORE THE truce was signed in Korea, Sergeant Neil Jacobson, a lanky, towheaded Korea veteran stationed at Headquarters, Marine Corps, was on the air gabbing with another ham radio operator. The phone jingled and he stopped broadcasting to answer it. The woman at the far end of the telephone voiced a familiar plea: she hadn't received a letter from her son in Korea for more than three weeks—could the sergeant get word to him via ham radio?

Jake (Sgt. Jacobson's call name) got busy. In less than three hours, the woman's anxiety was relieved. Her son was safe; a letter from him was in the mail. The query had been passed from Jake's W4NTR at Henderson Hall, in Arlington, Va., to El Toro, Calif., to Japan. Armed with the name of the Marine's outfit, an operator in the Far East tracked him down and relayed the worried mother's message via radio. The request was not new to the ham operators; they'd experienced the same routine many times since the start of the war.

When hordes of Chinese Communists pounced on the Chosin Reservoir in the Winter of 1950, ham radio stations throughout the country worked overtime to pass along information about those men who fought their way out of the trap. The tornadoes which

wrecked cities in Texas, Michigan and Massachusetts during the past year, had rescue crews frantically digging to remove victims from the rubble of buildings left by the twisters. Hams were standing by, jotting down the names of casualties as they were broadcast by amateur operators from the disaster areas. When the search ended, the hams began pouring messages into the stricken cities. Calls had come into the ham stations from persons all over the country seeking word about the safety of relatives. Many of the inquiries were from servicemen.

Cooperation among Henderson Hall's W4NTR and the American National Red Cross in Washington, D. C., and all local chapters within the metropolitan area makes it possible for the ham set to serve Marines and other military personnel in emergencies. When verification of emergency data is needed on the double at a military installation, ham radio cuts time and red tape.

Other branches of the armed forces boast amateur stations, too. Inter-service cooperation helps beam traffic from one section of the country to another in a matter of minutes until the message is picked up by the ham operator nearest the addressee. If someone at Camp Pendleton, Calif., wanted to send birthday greetings to Aunt Matilda in West Weasel Trot, Texas, the

Official USMC Photo

Marines man the air waves as MSgt. LeRoy Hogberg and his crew at MCRD, San Diego, operate station W6YDK



ham operator nearest that town would deliver the message. Usually the ham making delivery checks to see if the party has a telephone. Calling directly from the ham station saves steps and permits the operator to keep on listening and talking with people all over the country.

"Amateur" is an unjust word when it is applied to hams. It takes plenty of inside—and outside—knowledge of radio to pass a Federal Communications Commission test. All hams—more than 100,000 of them in the U.S.—must be licensed. While the exam isn't a snap, hams usually have little trouble with it. They're somewhat fanatical in their love for radio and retain an amazing understanding of its theories and applications. It's a growing business, too. The FCC receives more than 5000 applications each month for operator and station licenses.

All hams are subject to the Amateurs' Code. This "constitution" demands a standard of conduct and service which raises the status of a ham station from an expensive toy to a useful hobby. When disaster strikes an area, radio becomes a life line to the community. Often, the amateur station is the only link between a devastated district and the outside world. The code also provides that the amateur will keep his station abreast of science; his set must be well constructed and effi-

cient. Hams pledge never to use the air for their own amusement in any way which might lessen the pleasure of others. They agree to uphold the promises made to the public and the government by the American Radio Relay League on behalf of ham operators. It's a strict set of rules but rarely disregarded by hams who respect their interesting pastime.

The American Radio Relay League is a group of amateur operators who have banded together to promote the interest of hams. While membership in the League is not mandatory, in order to get a license from the FCC, amateurs holding membership in the outfit can share in its benefits. The League's influence was largely responsible for the standard of ethics used by amateurs today. *QST*, a monthly booklet published by the League, is often referred to as the amateur's bible. Regularly scheduled broadcasts over W1AW, the league's station, at Newington, Conn., offer helpful hints and lessons in radio.

Amateur radio stations have been set up at most of the larger Stateside posts throughout the Marine Corps. Special Services offices support this "network" of hams but it is believed that most Marines don't know about the privileges available to them. Ham stations actually have a dual-purpose aboard a Marine base: to foster inter-

est in radio as a hobby, and to send and receive messages wherever possible. All accommodations are free to the troops.

Marines who do know about the amateur station on their base make frequent use of it—especially when time is important. One matrimony-inclined Marine lacked the cash necessary to execute his intentions. A quick-thinking lad, he radioed the following message from a Marine ham station:

"Mom, have found swell apartment furnished completely except gas and lights. Please wire \$150 right away or I will lose lease. Have paid deposit. Bought rings and made all necessary plans. Need money now, so hurry Love . . ."

The message was delivered to Mom pronto. It wasn't any fault on the part of ham radio that the lease was lost.

During seasonal holidays, amateur traffic is overtaxed. Servicemen and women, gradually becoming more con-

TURN PAGE



Photo by MSgt. H. B. Wells

Sgt. Neil Jacobson, ham operator at Headquarters Marine Corps, makes quick contact for WM. Hams are usually Special Services men

HAM HOOKUP (cont.)

scious of the availability of ham facilities, radio greetings to loved ones at home. Messages like, "Your senator loves you, but not as much as I do. Merry Christmas," are typical. Marines returning from a tour of overseas duty often find ham radio messages waiting for them when they dock.

W4NTR is a powerful little 900-watter. That's strong enough to reach distant countries—W4NTR has talked direct to hams in Germany, Italy, Spain, Britain, Australia and Greenland, as well as many South American countries. Time has been known to build fast friendships, even between persons who have never seen each other. Radio is the common denominator among ham operators. A man in Texas talks to another operator in Boston several times a week; they compare notes on equipment or swap advice on technical matters relative to radio. Soon, a lasting friendship may be born although they probably will never meet personally. They'll just be voices on the ether waves. But some of these benevolent feelings are carried to the limit and ripen into marriage between men and women operators. One ceremony actually was performed over a ham radio station. Femmes are enthusiastic boosters for amateur radio and the number of women operators has increased sharply in the postwar years. To prevent embarrassing entanglements, the gals are distinguished by call letters—YL indicates a Young Lady, XYL means the Young Lady is married.

END



Official USN Photo

Sgt. Peter H. Hasenpusch and MSgt. Samuel E. Gribb check on the modulator section of KA2MB. Regular maintenance is essential job



Gyrene Gyngles

The Holly Wreath

Christmas is here once more—again
I greet you, one and all.
The egg nog's mixed, and in the bowl,
The holly's in the hall.

The final postage stamp is licked,
The final package sent.
Panting, we pause—and wonder comes—
Is this what Christmas meant?

I dreamed a dream the other night,
I wandered quite alone,
The country round was strange and bare,
Flashes of bright light shone

Above, where, through the bitter dark,
I heard the searching planes.
Below, the snow lay dingy-white
Against the slopes, like stains.

I could not see them, yet I knew
That many men crouched there—
In gullies, or in deep ravines—
I felt them everywhere.

The sense of danger covered all—
Yet this was Christmas night
When those at home seek merriment
And all things warm and bright.

But all at once on this dark scene
A star began to rise.
It came so close—so close it seemed
To drop down from the skies.

It bore within a Little Child—
A Little Child in white,
Who leaned, and stretched His hands to
those
All hidden in the night.

And gently said: "Oh blessed ones
Who learn by sacrifice

To give for others all you have
Nor ever count the price.

"You are the real inheritors
Of what Christmas means—
Your courage, more than life itself,
On which the spirit leans."

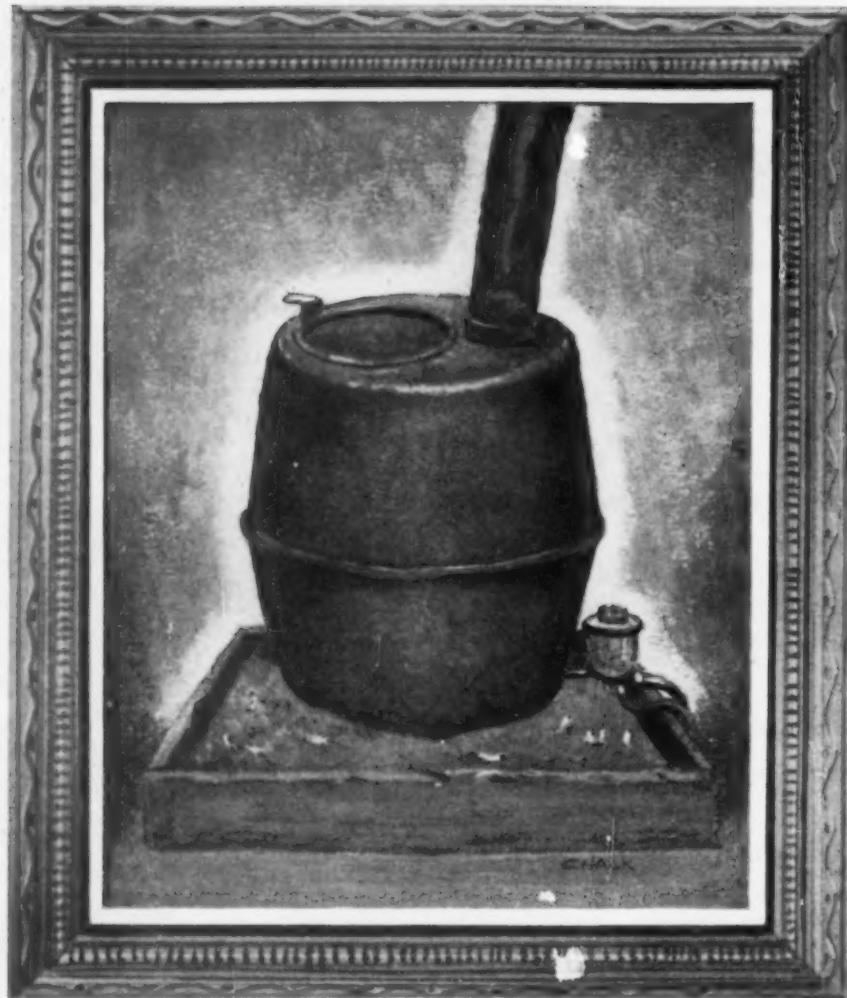
And then, upon His head I saw
He wore a holly wreath.
The thorny leaves had pierced His brow,
The blood-drops showed beneath

Like scarlet berries clustered there,
Yet still He smiled, as He
Vanished beyond the hills, and gave
The darkness back to me.

And I awoke—yet somehow, then
I felt that I could say
With truer meaning: "Bless you all,
Upon this Christmas day!"

Katherine Dunlap





Stove, Tent, Model 1941

by H. W. Edwards

HE DON'T LOOK like much
but
He is my Stove, I shall
not mistreat him,

He shall be kept clean with hoses
unkinked and carburetor functioning,

He is my one warm friend in cold
weather."

Printed neatly on the cardboard con-
tainer of a ration box and tacked in
the place of honor on the center tent
pole, was the inscription engraven for
all to see.

To the uninitiated, this might have
provoked a waggish remark, but to any
Marine weathering a winter in Korea,
it earned nothing short of a reverential
nod of agreement.

A square of canvas described in the
familiar quartermaster jargon as a
Tent, Pyramidal, is, of itself, a mighty
bleak thing on a winter's day. But

when it encases a Stove, Tent, Model 1941, complete, properly burning and amply supplied with diesel it becomes a home indeed, sufficient to warm the cockles of the heart and such extremities as Marines like to have warmed.

Probably no article of equipment save the rifle is so reviled when it is not in good working order and alternately praised when it is functioning properly. Anyone who has worried through a Korean winter with friend Stove knows that this alternation of affection is an all too frequent occurrence. Unfortunately, it is like a leaky roof that never leaks on a dry day. Stove invariably works fine on a warm day and saves his breakdowns for genuine cold spells.

Stove is a remarkably simple mechanism with one important exception, the carburetor. And that little device requires more care than a fine jeweled watch. Any rough handling is liable to upset the delicate float that controls the supply of fuel feeding through it. When that happens, Stove is just another metal box with precisely the same value as a shell case after the round has been fired. Without the carburetor, of course, Stove can still be used as a wood burner but for real home comfort there is no substitute for oil in a regulated flow. Marines quickly learned, that when moving from one camp site to another, they had best prepare a safe stowage in their waterproof bags for the carburetor, swathed in spare skivvy shirts to protect against rough handling. It is safe to say that letters from home and the girl friend's picture receive no more preferential treatment than the Stove carburetor.

Oh it's true that many substitutes were produced for Stove. Many were born of necessity. The winter of '51-'52, for example, found most government model stoves lacking the necessary stove pipes. These had been buried at the bottom of trucks on many a move and bent beyond salvage, or piled on top of the load and lost before the trick of slipping them over tent poles when moving was utilized. Among substitutes used, probably the most logical were the metal containers from artillery powder bags, welded together. This field expedient was widely employed until the value of the containers as salvage ordnance items was made known. However, this type of scarcity of spare stove parts as well as a loss of carburetors by theft and breakage brought about severe shortages in heating equipment. Combine this with the natural ingenuity of the average Marine and a fierce desire to stay warm whether in a front line bunker or wherever and you have the right ingredients for the improvement of many varieties of stove from battlefield cast-

offs. Lard cans, ammo containers, fuel drums—all played a useful part in providing heat for cold Marines. However, blackened faces and burnt-out bunkers were often the result of the use of such heating equipment. Not infrequently the inventors wound up in sick bay with painful burns when their patents backfired.

This is not to say that Stove, Tent, M41, was always the complete answer. It frequently required more care than a Reising gun to maintain at operating efficiency. One inducement to operation that was quickly realized was the use of gasoline in the place of diesel or a mixture of the two. However, the heat produced burned down so many tents that orders quickly went out forbidding the practice. The number of tents thus destroyed caused one regiment to retaliate by requiring all fuel cans to be kept outside the tent. This made it virtually impossible to keep the stove going all night because diesel fuel congeals in cold weather allowing the rubber fuel line to freeze and the fire to go out. With the fuel can inside, the heat of the stove kept the diesel free flowing. Needless to say, this regimental order was as hard to enforce as the 18th Amendment. Few Marines, no matter how well disciplined, appreciated waking up every morning in a tent lined with frost, with wash water frozen in the can, ink solid in the ink bottle and thin streams of frozen breath

coming from the top of each sleeping bag. The logical alternative was to shift the fuel supply in at night and out at light and run the risk of embarrassing explanations should the tent catch fire.

In spite of the strictures placed upon its use and the difficulties of keeping it clean and in working order, Stove seemed to run most of the time. And a working Stove meant a happy Marine. Most men will agree that Stove was the unsung hero of the Korean war when he was operating, and elaborate precautions were taken to keep him that way. Many a frosty morning was spent blowing through the fuel lines to remove ice, sucking on diesel as though it were mouthwash, or detail stripping the carburetor, all the while cursing the diabolical contrivance that the quartermaster had bought for \$27.76.

But then, after a period of fixing and a certain amount of praying, the reddish glow was again brightening the familiar black sides of Stove and all was forgiven. Once more all tent life revolved around him. He cooked the coffee, heated water for bath and laundry, dried wet clothes, kept the tent cheerful and asked for nothing in return. Nothing, that is, except 10 gallons of diesel a day, and all the care and consideration that could possibly be lavished on an ornery piece of machine that would rather not run on cold days.

END



We-the Marines

Edited by MSgt. Paul Sarokin



Photo by MSgt. J. W. Richardson

Harry Wong, major domo of Marine Memorial Club's famed Globe and Anchor Room, knows how to win friends for famous West Coast club

Harry Wong

In the seven years that the Marine Memorial Club in San Francisco has been catering to Marines and ex-Marines, thousands of men have lived, visited and pitched liberties at the Sutter and Mason address.

And chances are that although many of the recollections of the club will dim with the passing of time, one per-

sonality will remain in the memories of most visitors for a long time—the unofficial ambassador of the fourth deck, bartender Harry Wong.

As presiding major domo of the fourth floor Globe and Anchor Room, Harry Wong knows thousands of Marines and their guests, and through the years he has developed an uncanny faculty of remembering names and faces. Many a Marine returning from

overseas has been shaken by the Wong grin and greeting of "Hyah, Bill. Glad to see you back from Korea. Still drinking the same—scotch on the rocks with a thin slice of lemon?"

Thirty-eight-year-old Harry Wong has presided over the doings in the Globe and Anchor Room for almost five years. Before that he worked behind the bar of the eleventh floor cocktail lounge. His friendliness, infectious grin and rapid delivery of Marine lingo, have made him the number one bartender of the club.

In addition to dispensing the wares of the busy and popular bar, Harry has found time to become father confessor, arbitrator, sightseeing expert and matchmaker for many of his patrons. He's held money for Marines who insist that he keep it for them; has settled arguments ranging from Joe Louis' last fight to the effects of atomic warfare; and has outlined San Francisco touring routes for dozens of sightseeing-bound Marines.

Solitary Marines with that lonely look don't escape Harry's eagle eye. Many a forlorn Marine found his evening enriched after a friendly introduction by Harry Wong.

Harry's friendship with many of his Marine panyos has continued through the years with an assist from Uncle Sam's mail service. He corresponds with Marines all over the U.S., Korea, and far-off duty stations like Cyprus and Iran. And for many Stateside Marines and former Marines who find themselves in the Frisco area, a speed run to the club and a chat with Harry is the order of the day.

Before working at the Memorial Club, Harry had tended bar at the Presidio and at some of San Francisco's plush establishments in Chinatown. Occasionally he's offered jobs elsewhere, sometimes at a better salary, but he turns them down with the explanation that he likes working with Marines.

And for Harry's host of friends—the feeling is mutual.

Picture of Dorian . . .

At the Recruit Depot's photo lab in San Diego, Calif., three technicians were busy hypoing ID photos.

Sergeant William M. Karrigan of Bensonville, Ill., who with his crew produces over 18,000 ID pictures a month, broke the mid-afternoon lethargy with "Wow—give a look at this!" The other two members of the darkroom team took a break to investigate Sgt. Karrigan's find.

The cause turned out to be—Woman Marine Private Dorian C. Dinjar of Richardson, Texas, a reservist who was attending a two-week training session

with the First 4.5" Rocket Battalion of Dallas.

Sergeant John E. Gouldner of Shenandoah, Pa., and Corporal Richard A. Ralston of Marshall, Ill., agreed with Karrigan that Dorian's ID photo was the most pleasing that they had ever processed. They awarded her the title of "Miss ID Photo of 1953".

The 21-year-old blonde formerly attended high school in Atlanta and studied Commercial Art at the University of Georgia. She also modeled in Atlanta, Georgia and Dallas, Texas.

"Full time modeling jobs are hard to find," says Dorian, "so I'm now working as a bank teller in Dallas."

Her measurements are: height, 5' 7"; weight, 121; bust 36"; waist, 25" hips, 38". She enjoys riding, swimming, reading and singing in glee clubs.

Hot Shots

The cease fire order didn't stop all the shooting in Korea.

Crack First Marine Division rifle and pistol shots clinched the recent Army "I" Corps marksmanship meet by taking both team matches.

The Marines started their sweep on the first of the two-day meet when they walked off the firing lines with nine of the first 10 places in both individual rifle and pistol competitions.

They began wrapping it up the next

Photo by MSgt. J. W. Richardson
Pvt. Dorian C. Dinjar, Reservist of Richardson, Texas, whose ID photo, below, stopped production at the Diego Recruit Depot photo laboratory. Pvt. Dinjar in swim suit at right

Official USMC Photo



Photo by Corp. George N. Marcus
"Pappy" Noel, AP cameraman freed by Reds, is met in Honolulu by TSgt. Uel Graham, who took last pictures of Noel before his capture

day when their six-man rifle team dropped only 99 points for a final 1101 out of a possible 1200. Runner-up honors went to "I" Corps Headquarters with 992x1200, followed by the Seventh U. S. Army Division, 985x1200.

Six Marine pistol experts assured a win all the way when they scored 1638 of a maximum 1800. The second place Seventh Division team fired 1343x1800, nosing out "I" Corps Headquarters which tallied 1187x1800.

Second Lieutenant Norman D. Fournier of the Seventh Marine Regiment paced both Marine teams with the highest marks for the second day on the pistol and rifle. Fournier, who scored a powerful 193x200 to take the previous day's individual rifle honors, fired 190x200 in the second day rifle team matches and went on to fire the top score of 284x300 in pistol team competition.

The First Marine Division rifle team was composed of Lt. Fournier, Sgt. Donald D. Thorne, who took top pistol

TURN PAGE



Official USMC Photo

MSgt. Louis J. Szarka takes time before his retirement to help young photographer, Corporal John L. Rubin of HQMC's photo laboratory

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

honors in the individual matches, MSgt. Edwin L. Hayes, Capt. Edward B. Meyer, Capt. John M. Jagoda and MSgt. James R. Killough.

Members of the Marine pistol team included Lt. Fournier, TSgt. John G. Jones, 1st Lt. Thomas R. Mitchell, Sgt. Roland Schier, Sgt. Thorne and Capt. Jagoda.

Lieutenant General Bruce C. Clarke, "I" Corps Commander, Major General Randolph McC. Pate, Commander of the First Marine Division, and Major General M. R. A. West, General Officer of the Commonwealth Division, made the presentation of awards.

The meet was held on the only rifle range in Korea where regulation national match courses can be conducted. Pollock Range, located at Camp Indianhead, is named for Major General Edwin A. Pollock, former First Marine Division Commander.

2nd Lt. R. B. Morrisey
PIO, 1st MarDiv

Cameraman Retires

In 1927, when Private Louis J. Szarka signed in, the Marine Corps Photographic Section rated one technical sergeant and three Pfc's. In charge of the lash-up was the original Marine Corps photographer, Warrant Officer Joseph H. Swann.

pods were drawn from the QM. When their shooting schedule was over, photographers retired to the dark room to do their developing on the latest glass plates.

Flash bulbs, panchromatic (color sensitive) and color film would be invented later. When more light was needed for indoor work, lensmen reached for a can of flash powder, poured some on a holder, then gingerly touched off the explosion with the spark of a flint—like a cigarette lighter operates today. Sometimes the sub-



ject's hair or the photographer's eyelashes were singed but the primitive ordeal was necessary to get enough light for indoor exposures.

Now the Photographic Section is at Marine Headquarters in Washington, D. C. It controls more than a thousand personnel who hold down photographic MOSs everywhere Marines are stationed. Today there are aviation photographic technicians, still photographers, basic photographers, camera re-



Photo by MSgt. Paul Sarokin

Quantico Marines give up Sunday liberty to take children of District of Columbia Health School on DUKW ride through Washington. Health School instructs kids who have muscular dystrophy or cerebral palsy



Photo by Sgt. Henry R. Head, Sr.

SSgt. B. F. Harkanson, 4th MCRD and TSgt. J. A. Palastro, I&I Staff, MCR, Philadelphia, Pa., don't

complain about honor guard assignment at pageant honoring Miss America. Girls were on escort float

pairmen, motion picture cameramen, film editors, film librarians and motion picture script writers.

Master Sergeant Louis J. Szarka—the last of the original crew—retired last September. Before he left he still had time to give young shutter clickers the benefit of his more than a quarter century's experience behind the lens.

In his time, Lou covered the Marines in China and during the "Banana Wars" in Haiti and Nicaragua. In World War II he specialized in combat movie and still pictures, shooting the Marine landings in the Gilberts, Marshalls, Marianas and Iwo Jima. As a member of a Marine Amphibious Reconnaissance Team he made several landings in the Marshalls. Szarka believes he was the first U.S. photographer to land on Japanese-held territory during the war. He operated out of FMF Pacific at Pearl Harbor, where he had charge of the photo lab.

As a photographer, Szarka has had a ringside seat at many of the major historical events during the past 25

years, including the inaugurations of Presidents Hoover and Roosevelt. His regular beat included the Camp Perry rifle matches and tours with the Quantico football team. He also made the annual journey to Washington, D.C., to photograph the Commandant and all the Marine Corps generals. In those days (1927-37) there were exactly 12 generals in the Marine Corps: three major generals and nine brigadier generals.

When the Old Sarge got his retirement papers he went back to his home in Cleveland, Ohio, to pick up a job as picture editor with one of the city's daily newspapers.

Szarka's gone. But a lot of the Marines who are left to run Marine Corps photography today learned their ABC's of the trade from the Old Man of Photography.

PIO HQMC

No Tanks

A young Marine lost his rifle. Brought before the colonel, he was told that he

would have to pay for it.

"Suppose I lost a tank, sir?" asked the Marine. "Surely I wouldn't have to pay for that!"

"Yes," replied the senior officer, "even if it took the rest of your Marine Corps career to do it."

"Gosh," muttered the young Marine, "now I know why the captain goes down with his ship."

El Toro Flight Jacket
END



BULLETIN BOARD

Central Solomons Monograph

Marines in the Central Solomons, 11th of the World War II monograph series, is presently being distributed. Gratuitous copies of this book are available to Purple Heart veterans of that campaign. Request for copies should be addressed to:

Commandant of the Marine Corps (AO3D)
Headquarters U. S. Marine Corps
Washington 25, D. C.

Aerial Navigation School

Applications are desired from male enlisted personnel to attend the *Aerial Navigation School*. Qualifications for this course are outlined in Marine Corps Training Bulletin, Number 3-52.

Upon graduation, personnel are designated "Navigators" and are authorized to wear the "Naval Aviation Observer's Insignia." They are assigned to Marine transport squadrons to perform duties as Navigators.

Security Guard Training

To implement the requirements of Marine Corps General Order, Number 83 (Individual Training of Enlisted Men), more than 700 "State Department Marines" will be enrolled in military correspondence courses of the Extension School, Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va.

It will not be necessary for the Extension School to prepare any new courses for the plan. The School already has a course which thoroughly covers the basic military and tactical subjects required in the directive. This course, the "Enlisted Basic Extension Course," as well as others of a more advanced nature, is available to all Marines.

More than 7000 Marines are already studying military subjects by mail, taking the courses vol-

untarily for their self-improvement. Personnel desiring information on these courses should consult their first sergeant or write direct to the Director, Extension School, Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va.

Good Conduct Awards

A forthcoming change to Paragraph 20154, Volume I, Marine Corps Manual, provides that a Good Conduct award shall be authorized for any three years' enlisted service, broken and unbroken, in a war, national emergency or a period of armed hostilities, in which the United States is engaged, notwithstanding the time elapsing between tours of such service, provided the individual is otherwise qualified, and provided further that when the first period of such service terminated prior to December 10, 1945, a total of four years' enlisted service shall be required for such award.

Complete details on this subject will be found in Marine Corps Bulletin, Number 10-53.

Naturalization of Aliens

Public Law 86, 83rd Congress, provides for the naturalization of aliens who, after June 24, 1950, and prior to July 1, 1955, have actively served honorably in the United States Armed Forces for a period of not less than 90 days, provided such aliens were lawfully admitted to the U. S. for permanent residence or for other reasons. Those in the latter categories must have been physically present in the U. S. for at least one year at the time of entry into the Armed Forces.

Generally, the provisions of Public Law 86 do not apply to aliens enlisted under Public Law 597 (Lodge Act), 81st Congress.

Further details can be found in Marine Corps Memorandum Number 65-53.



CHRISTMAS LEAVE

[continued from page 42]

youngster who had run away. "Thought I wasn't watchin' you peek around the corner, eh?" Grunch howled. "I had my eye on you, Mac."

The laughter of the child rang merrily as he tried to twist from the Marine's arm.

Mr. Tucker looked pleased and said, "That's the first real laugh we've had out of George. George is new here and it's a little strange."

"Yeah," Wheeler said quietly, looking around. "I know how he feels."

"About that ride, Mister," Rattigan said swiftly. "I got a couple girl friends that won't keep till New Years . . ."

"Of course," Mr. Tucker smiled, turning toward the porch. "But I happen to know there won't be a bus through Grangeville for another hour. Would you like to look the place over? I'm temporarily in charge while Mr. Gaxton, the superintendent, is away."

Grunch shrugged, grinned down at the boys and yelled. "Fall in! We all ain't gonna get in that door deployed this way . . . form single file behind Pfc Rattigan."

Shouting and laughing delightedly, the boys followed the order. The procession moved into the main building.

Under eager escort, the three Marines looked in on the dining hall, the dormitory and playroom. The latter was a long, gloomy room devoid of furniture except for a ping-pong table and two basketball hoops.

Rattigan looked around and nodded. "This where the kids do close order drill?"

Mr. Tucker laughed. "No, we don't have that kind of drill. I don't think the boys . . ."

"Hey," Rufus shouted, tugging Wheeler's sleeve. "Is that marching? That close order thing he said?"

"That's right, Rufe," Wheeler smiled.

A chorus of eager voices echoed in the big room and the Marines glanced at each other, grinning.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind showing them a bit?" Mr. Tucker asked hesitantly.

"Show them?" Grunch bellowed. "Sure, we'll teach 'em how to troop and stomp. Fall in, you knuckleheads!"

For an hour the three men took turns teaching the boys fundamental steps and maneuvers; flank movements, the obliques and turns. Mr. Tucker stood by beaming and nodding his head at the bellowed cadence.

The boys wouldn't let them stop and after thirty minutes more, Grunch removed his blouse and wiped perspiration from his brow. He put the blouse back on immediately however when an unidentified voice in ranks piped, "Hey, you're out of uniform."

The voluntary drill continued until Wheeler laughingly announced enough was enough and dismissed the group. The Marines were immediately hemmed in again and a basketball lobbed in like incoming mail. Grunch caught it with one hand, fired it at the basket, missed . . . and was cheerfully booted.

The three Marines then became comically inept pupils as five of the older boys teamed against them in an unequal game.

Another hour passed before Rattigan leaned panting against the wall. "Man," he gasped. "I've had it."

Grunch glanced at his watch. "Look at the time! We missed the bus . . ."



Mr. Tucker scratched his jaw with embarrassment. "I should have spoken up, but they were having such a good time. However, if we leave now, there's a Washington express due in twenty minutes . . ."

The boys fell silent, smiles fading. "Well," Rattigan said loudly, "have a nice Christmas, kids. It's been a ball."

"A real ball," Grunch agreed emphatically. "And listen . . . out on the highway you'll find somethin' to play with. Drag it up on the lawn and throw rocks at it . . . do whatever you want. Compliments of Smiling Sam and three suckers."

"I'll get the station wagon and meet you out front," Mr. Tucker said. "And I want to thank you for . . ."

"Don't mention it," Wheeler said quietly.

Waiting on the porch with the boys grouped behind them in silence, Rattigan sniffed the air sharply and squinted at the leaden sky. "I'll bet it's snowin' in New York," he observed.

"That bus fare will cripple me,"

Grunch said. "But Gertie may loan me ten."

"If we pooled our dough," Wheeler said slowly, "it would amount to almost a hundred bucks . . ."

The other two didn't look at him and in the long silence, broken finally by the sound of a motor, the boys behind them moved closer.

Rattigan and Grunch walked down the stairs. Almost to the driveway, Grunch turned. "Wheeler . . . hey, Wheeler . . . come on."

"No. Think I'll stay here."

They couldn't see his face in the darkening shadows of the porch but they saw the boys press behind him, looking up at him. "Yeah," Wheeler repeated strongly. "I'm gonna spend the rest of my leave here. One place is like another . . ."

The station wagon pulled up before the two men in the driveway. Grunch looked at Rattigan and neither said anything.

Mr. Tucker opened the door and called cheerfully, "Hop in, fellows."

"Wheeler is staying," Rattigan said quietly, climbing in. Grunch followed him slowly.

"Fine," Mr. Tucker said without surprise. He leaned his head out the window. "Glad to have you with us."

Wheeler came down the stairs and held out a slender roll of bills to the supervisor. "Get some stuff. You know, Christmas stuff. Maybe baseballs and some toys and . . . well . . . you know, stuff."

Mr. Tucker stared down at the money. "You don't have to . . ."

"Get it," Wheeler said abruptly, turning away.

As the station wagon moved down the driveway, Rattigan suddenly stuck his head out the window and yelled, "Merry Christmas!"

The reply filtered back over the noise of the motor, "Merry Christmas, Marines!"

Grunch sank down in the seat and pulled his visor low. "New York," he muttered. "Snow . . . crowds . . . Gertie, Alice, Della . . . don't forget Yolanda . . . sweet little . . ."

"Will you stop mumbling?" Rattigan snarled.

"Aw, forget it," Grunch snarled back.

Mr. Tucker smiled to himself in the dark.

Wheeler was still on the porch, surrounded by youngsters, when the station wagon returned an hour later. The boys were seated around him, listening intently to the long forgotten, yet somehow remembered words of "The Night Before Christmas." When he stumbled, which wasn't often, Wheeler would draw desperately on his cigarette and try (continued on page 77)

U.S. MARINE CORPS

RECRUITING SERVICE.

Wanted, for the United States Marine Corps,

Able-bodied MEN between the ages of 18 and 40 years, not less than 5 feet 5 inches high, and of good character.

SOLDIERS serving in this Corps perform duty at Navy Yards and on board United States Ships of War on Foreign Stations, which affords a splendid opportunity to travel and see the world.

The term of service is **FOUR YEARS**, and if a soldier re-enlists at the expiration of that time, his pay will be increased **two dollars** per month for the first re-enlistment, with a further addition of **one dollar** per month for all subsequent re-enlistments.

By good conduct and attention to duty, a soldier will certainly rise to the position of a non-commissioned officer.

SERGEANTS in the Marine Corps frequently have independent command or guard is on Sloops-of-War and always on Gunboats. The following is the rate of pay as now established:

GRADE.	PAY OF UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS		
	Pays per Month	Pays per Month	Pays per Month
To the First or Orderly Sergeant of a Company or Guard.	\$24 00	\$288 00	\$1,152 00
All other Sergeants, each.	20 00	240 00	960 00
Corporals.	18 00	216 00	864 00
Musicians.	16 00	192 00	768 00
Privates.	16 00	192 00	768 00
At Sea, the extra pay is	1 50	18 00	72 00

In addition to the pay as above stated, one ration per day and an abundant supply of the best clothing is allowed to every soldier. A soldier who is careful of his clothing can save during his enlistment from \$0 to \$0 dollars. Quarters, fuel, and medical attendance are always provided by the Government, without deduction from the soldier's pay. If a soldier should become disabled in the line of his duties, the law provides for him a Pension.

All other information which may be desired, will be given at the Rendezvous.

LIEUT. H. C. COCHRANE,
Recruiting Officer.

RECRUITING RENDEZVOUS.

PARDNER'S BUILDING, CHICAGO.

MAY, 1860.

There was no telling how much a Marine could salt away in 1860

BILLBOARD MARINE

[continued from page 32]

to an office on the second floor which looks like a miniature museum and a clothes closet. All types of military gear are suspended from the bulkheads. Some of it is ancient; some of it won't be seen in the field for months to come. Pictures and portraits of famous Marines look down on a desk and easel

squeezed in among pennants, flags, swords and miniature jet planes. This is the command post of Col. Capolino. From here on, the Colonel becomes CO of the billboard Marine.

Col. Capolino is a gruff, stocky veteran Marine officer. He heads the Marine Corps-Navy Publicity Bureau. Although the Colonel's bearing and manner would seem to indicate that he'd be more at home in a combat battalion CP, he is nonetheless one of the armed forces' outstanding artists and authorities on military lore. The success of "A" signs in the last few

years is due, in part, to the Colonel's efforts. When the Headquarters product hits his desk, Col. Capolino appraises it for eye appeal and reproduction possibilities. He makes a small change here and there and then, if everything else is acceptable—the uniform just so, the blocked-in message logically placed to catch the eye—he starts laying out the color tones and processing.

However, if the embryo ad doesn't suit him, he cuts the Recruiting Service in on the scoop in short order. So short in fact that it sometimes amounts to a few pithy sentences on the teletype. This entails additional conferences at Headquarters, but the finished result profits by the extra consideration. The Colonel is an artist of no small background, and he has created a large share of billboard Marines in days past. Today he is as capable of going to his easel and rapping out a thumping good "A" sign as anyone in the business.

When the billboard boot passes the Colonel's critical inspection he's sent topside for reproduction. The plates are made and locked in the presses on the third deck of the Bureau. The big machines can churn out 17,000 likenesses of the original in about three days.

When the press run is completed the poster is mailed to the Recruiting Districts where channels route them on down to recruiting sergeants all over the country.

Recruiters on station, however, greet the arrival of these new posters with somewhat the same enthusiasm with which they'd regard a dental appointment. "A" (continued on page 76)



Huns had a name for Marines

Margot Graessle



When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

BILLBOARD MARINE

[continued from page 74]

signs don't just happen on the streets; recruiters put them there. When one must be changed, it's the recruiter, nattily dressed in blues, who goes out with a brush and paste bucket and does the job.

"A" signs are named for the frames they're posted on. In a side view of the sign, the supports form a large A. Since the frames are exposed to the weather they require constant attention. One of the recruiting service's commandments is: "Never let the public gaze fall on an 'A' sign in poor condition." When recruiters aren't out calling on potential clients, they spend their leisure time manicuring rust-splotched "A" frames.

A strong public relations operation is one of the phases of recruiting. Posters let people know the Corps is still around. A large segment of the American public cannot recall having seen a real-life Marine but they see the posters every day and are impressed by them. They know the Corps by the sidewalk pictures. They realize the Corps is ready and trained solely because the posters tell them so. For many citizens, newspaper items and "A" signs are the only reminders of the Corps.

When the Corps decides on a poster, every effort is made to accurately depict some phase of Marine Corps life. In recruiting, as in anything else, there is no substitute for the truth. The glamorous side of life in the Corps comes in for a share of posters, naturally, but compared to the way the Corps is played up in movies, books and magazines, this glamour angle is as small as a recruit's first pay.

The people who are responsible for

Corps posters believe that the public has been oversold on the fact that the average Marine spends all of his time in the service charging headlong into enemy emplacements. The blood, guts and grimness of a Marine's appointed tasks have received a healthy slice of publicity and recruiters believe that some of the lighter missions of Marines should be featured. For the next few months the billboard Marine is due to see some fair duty around the world. He will show people that Marines don't spend all their time in hand-to-hand combat.

Shifts in publicity trends like this are rather common, judging from posters of the past. After the Civil War in 1866 the Corps offered potential recruits a chance to become financially well off. With the war over and no immediate fights in the offing, recruiters guaranteed applicants a straight monthly salary of \$16. Not only that, if a Marine went seagoing he could mop up another \$1.50 a month.

When the Spanish-American War was sewed up, Admiral Dewey, one of the very few "non-Marines" ever to appear on a Marine Corps recruiting sign, encouraged youths of the day to join the Corps by stating, "No finer military organization than the Marine Corps exists in the world."

The words, "Travel, Adventure and Education," are almost as familiar to all Marines as Semper Fidelis. This theme has been a particular boast of the Corps for over three decades. The founding of the Marine Corps Institute after World War I and the many far removed duty stations of Marines over the years made the slogan a natural.

When the Corps takes on a little rugged opposition, emphasis on the finer points of Marine life goes out for the duration. Back in the distant past when we had the spat with the British the posters advised that if you went to Tun Tavern to sign up with the

Corps, you'd better bring your own musket and enough powder and shot to get you through a couple of battles.

In the days of World War I and the Banana Campaigns which followed, a brawny character with a muscle-knotted right arm told citizens, "Want to Fight? Join the Marines!"

World War I gave rise to the goriest posters ever published. The Corps advertised for men and MEN only—and they wanted them for "Dangerous Overseas Duty." During this era, James Montgomery Flagg, one of the country's foremost illustrators turned out a Marine Corps poster which was regarded by experts as a masterpiece. In sharp, contrasting colors, a tough, dedicated Marine wades toward an enemy shore thigh-deep in salt water and blood. He holds a Springfield rifle over his iron kelly the way a half-back grips a football for a long throw. The legend states, "The Marines Have Landed."

The brutal yet magnificent work of the Corps in the first World War gave rise to many spine-chilling pictures on the home front.

One popular number showed a Marine helmet; beneath it was the hard-bitten message:

"Man Wanted—To Fit This Hat."

"It is the steel fighting-helmet of the Western Front. 'More Marines' is the call. Washington responds with an increase in the Corps.

"Can you fit the hat? It's no place for the man who must be cushioned against shock; who shuns risk or loathes adventure. Only the fit are taken; for the U.S. Marine must never fail on any job—Land, Sky or Sea!"

"The man who makes good at the Marine Corps Recruiting Station will serve with men stalwart and square and valorous.

"The Eagle, Earth and Anchor, on cap, hat or helmet is the distinguishing mark of the U.S. Marine."



Few outfits can out-slogan the Corps when it comes to recruiting signs and billboards. This eye-catcher

in San Diego not only makes a pitch to motorists; it gives everyone a clue as to who's on the ramparts

If the recruiting pitch was a trifle on the bloodthirsty side in the war to end wars, it wasn't too far off course. Some of the better "A" signs of World War I were pressed into service during the opening days of World War II. Later, commercial outfits jumped into the show and called on Americans to do their part in service and, of course, keep in mind the name of the sponsor. The business firms with big budgets for advertising shouldered a big slice of the printed recruiting effort for awhile. But when the shooting came to a halt advertisers took their models out of uniform. The Korea action brought a spurt of commercial ads featuring various members of the armed forces, but the accompanying copy lacked the syrup of the World War II efforts.

The Corps has originated hundreds of billboard signs since 1775. Many have passed out of style, but when men

are needed to fill the ranks of a hot-to-trot outfit almost two centuries old it's surprising how close the message of decades past fits the needs of the present.

Officers who know the "A" sign business and Non-Coms who've been at recruiting off and on over a period of 20 or more years, have a favorite sign they refer to affectionately as "Walking John."

"A simple job, showing a Marine patrolling a dock in some far-off port, it has beckoned more than two generations of Marines to the colors. What there is about "Walking John" that makes Marines out of civilians is as hard to define as Esprit de Corps. But "John" has it. He started patrolling his post with his fabulous 40-inch stride in 1918. He paid off in short order. He was such a terrific number and lasted so long that the fleet in the background eventually became obsolete.

"John" first started making the rounds in front of a battlewagon that looked exactly like the *Mississippi* of War I fame. Cage type masts fell out of style eventually in the Navy but not "John." In the '30s he was still setting the pace. Complying with QM uniform regulations, he was wearing the wider white garrison hat and smaller chevrons on his blues, but the pride of the Navy more closely resembled the new cruiser *Pensacola* than old "Miss."

That's still not the end of "Walking John." When Col. Capolino undertakes the face-lifting job and brings the walker up to date, as requested recently by Headquarters, the billboard Marine will be back on the job next year.

The Recruiting Service is sold on the importance of "A" signs and if it had to choose what it needs most to get its job done—the one most important item—Recruiting would stick with the "A" sign.

END

CHRISTMAS LEAVE

[continued from page 73]

to remember the proper sequence of St. Nick's reindeer.

While lost in thought and without looking at the station wagon, he gradually became aware of losing his audience. He stood up, frowning, and peered out toward the sound of the idling motor.

Grunch stepped out first, sheepishly, not looking toward the porch. Inside, Rattigan began passing out hastily-wrapped bundles and packages through the window.

Wheeler watched open mouthed until Grunch turned irritably and bellowed, "Okay, Corporal . . . this ain't no work detail . . . forget them stripes for five minutes and lend a hand . . ."

Mr. Tucker came running around the car and shouted to the boys on the porch, "They're all staying for Christmas . . . all three of them . . . and after supper, there'll be a party in the playroom . . ."

The roar was deafening and before it had subsided, Rattigan stuck his head out of the car window, and grinned through a bushy, bedraggled white beard. The roar went up again and it was at least five minutes before Mr. Tucker could restore order and chase the boys inside for supper.

Wheeler stood in the driveway, grinning at his two buddies. "All that stuff," he mumbled. "All that stuff . . ."

"Ninety-six bucks worth," Grunch nodded happily. "Would have been ninety-eight, but Rattigan here thought

we should at least send telegrams to our gals in New York."

"Grunch needed twelve words to say Merry Christmas," Rattigan said. "We could've got another bottle of soda for them two extra words."

"Man," Grunch grinned at Wheeler, "we're really broke now . . . I mean, stone broke."

Mr. Tucker spoke up behind them, his voice gruff. "When you Marines have to leave . . . just let me know, I'll drive you clear back to the base."

"Four days from now will be soon

enough," Grunch shrugged.

"Hey," Wheeler said, "look at all the faces at the window. Look at them kids laughin' at us . . ."

"Merry Christmas," Grunch yelled.

"Merry Christmas," screamed Rattigan, tugging the beard.

"Merry Christmas," called Mr. Tucker and Corp. Wheeler.

And the reply came back, shaking the glass in the windows and almost deafening them:

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, MARINES!"

END



"Colonel, here's those 10,000 Christmas seals you ordered!"

SANTA CLAUS, USMCR

[continued from page 57]

several stories, pictures and cartoons. The *Phoenix Sun*, a weekly, devoted one complete issue to stories about the campaign.

COLUMNIST Bert Fireman noted that the organizational ability of the Marines had made the community toy-collection program a "thoroughly-efficient and well-planned program."

Mr. Fireman added:

"The Marines are working on their own time. After putting in a full day of work . . . they work well into the night to extend the hand of fellowship to youngsters they may never see. They feel it is part of their overall mission to protect the American way of life—and that includes Santa Claus for every kid on Christmas morning. The happiness of our children is one of our nation's battles. The United States Marines, true to the tradition of the Corps, are helping to win that battle"

The drive was spurred by a proclamation by Mayor Hohen Foster, who noted the number of community organizations cooperating within the drive, and named the period from December 10 through December 24 as "Toys for Tots Weeks."

As Christmas approached, wives of the Reservists were called in to help sew doll dresses as their husbands worked long hours into the night at Mr. Loughborough's shop, repairing as many toys as possible before Christmas Eve. Meanwhile, Mrs. Gillespie was coordinating the toy collections of all the groups associated with the Community Council. She was also supervising the listing of needy families and the methods by which the toys would be distributed. It was decided that the initial and major phase of the distribution would be handled from the Salvation Army building in downtown Phoenix.

Cards containing information supplied by case workers of the County Welfare Department were distributed to the head of each needy family, who filled them in according to the number of children in the family. A notation on each card directed the parent to the Salvation Army building where he could pick up toys for his children.

While these lists were being prepared, other volunteer workers classified all toys into categories "A," "B" and "C."

Large toys, such as wagons, bicycles and sleds, were classified as "A" toys. Dolls, trains, cars and smaller playthings were listed as "B" toys while

picture books, puzzles and the smallest knicknacks were classified as "C" toys.

Each needy family was given one "A" toy for use by all the children; each child in the family received two "B" toys and each family was given 10 to 20 "C" toys, depending upon the number of children in the family. More than 15,000 toys were distributed in this manner.

In the second phase of the distribution, toys were delivered in Marine Corps truckload lots to Indian missions in the Phoenix area, day nurseries and the county hospital. Nearly 3000 toys were distributed to 625 underprivileged children attending a Christmas party at the hospital. Still other toys were given to individual families, not on regular lists, who requested aid.

When the Reservists and the cooperating agencies finished their distribution, they found 7000 toys remaining which had not been repaired in time for Christmas. These were set aside for repair by Mr. Loughborough and are now the base for this year's Toys for Tots campaign.



The results of this typical campaign were happy ones for everyone concerned—for Mr. Loughborough, Mrs. Gillespie and Lieut. Hale. But, most important, the result meant that hundreds of children too young to understand, yet old enough to be disappointed, were the happy beneficiaries of the Christmas spirit in Phoenix.

Campaigns like the one in Arizona last year have been in progress since 1947, with the exception of 1950. That was the year when thousands of needy youngsters were denied their Christmas celebration by the North Koreans. The U.S. Marine reservists were summoned to active duty and there was no Toys for Tots drive that year.

Normally the Toys for Tots apparatus is shelved by the Marine Corps Reserve ten months out of the year. November and December are the two big months when the Marines make their all-out effort, but in the Spring

of last year several hundred flood victims in the Netherlands benefited from the Marines' Toys for Tots organization and experience.

The floods which had suddenly beset Holland, wiping out thousands of homes, caused Douglas Edwards to telecast an appeal asking Americans to send clothes to the beleaguered country.

In Greensboro, N.C., Mr. Philip Gearing heard the entreaty and recalled what the Marines had accomplished in the community during their previous toy drive. He contacted Captain Virgil Evans, information officer of the 26th Special Infantry Company and asked him what could be done to help the Dutch. A conference was held with the Inspector-Instructor, Captain Thomas J. Holt and Major Edmund "H" Liles, Jr., commanding officer of the Reserve unit. The three Marine officers quickly came up with a plan based on the procedures used in the toys campaign. With the help of the Chamber of Commerce and representatives of the press, "Operation Disaster" went into effect.

The plan called for the press, radio and television to handle publicity, a box company would supply the packing equipment and Eastern Airlines would fly the collected clothing to New York. From there the Dutch Airlines would rush the garments to Holland. Marine Reservists took over sponsorship of the operation and manned the central collecting point at the training center.

The company was divided into two duty platoons and the first was ready for action the next day. The publicity broke in the morning and by one o'clock that afternoon the 26th had stacked up nearly five tons of wearing apparel.

Organizations and individuals from all over North Carolina offered to help or donate clothing. Collection substations were being set up by churches, fire stations, the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Women's Clubs and others.

It began to look as though the collection total would top 100 tons. The Marines were steeling themselves for a rugged job when the Dutch Consulate called from New York and said that their airline was swamped. That brought "Operation Disaster" to a successful conclusion.

Last year at Christmas there were many Marines who watched the peace beacon slice the chill darkness on Korea's central front. Some of these Marines are active participants in this year's toy drive. Two years—two campaigns, but what a difference. As the *Oklahoma City Times* commented:

"Even if the Communists could see them, they wouldn't believe it . . ."

HIGH MAN

[continued from page 48]

Carl reveals. The closer you are to the earth, the faster you appear to be moving. At an altitude of 80,000 feet you do not have the impression of greater speed because you are so far from the earth.

"You don't fiddle around with speed without sticking your neck out a little." is the way Carl sums up the speed business.

Because he is the holder of speed and altitude records, airshows often request Col. Carl to appear on their programs. He was asked to report to the Detroit and Dayton Air Shows, and he also took part in a program at Edwards Air Field in California, recently.

When he's not attending the Senior Course at Quantico, Va., or behind the controls testing the sky-thrust of a newly-designed jet—you can usually find the six-footer down in the basement workshop of his new home—tinkering with machines. He may be grinding the valves on his Austin (which he jockeys through traffic to school each day) or he may be over-

hauling the carburetor of his 1951 Olds—which he breaks out on Sunday to take his wife and two children Lyanne, 4, and Bruce 2, on tours through the Virginia hills. He is married to a former Powers model cover girl, Edna Kirvin, whom he met in New York during World War II, while he was on a bond selling tour.

He rates photography close behind hunting and fishing as his hobbies; he owns a Leica and an 8-mm. Bell and Howell movie outfit—to keep up with his kids. In his back yard he has a boat which he built plus an assortment of motors to tinker with. As to serious music, he can take it or leave it—preferring to leave it to others. Rather than attend a concert, he prefers to dine out—with a dance or two as his idea of relaxing after a gruelling day in the clouds.

Fellow pilots go all out when describing Col. Carl. One gave him the full treatment when he said: "For my money, Carl is not only the hottest pilot in the Marine Corps, but probably the best pilot in the world today. He's not the darn-fool type of flier who'll take unnecessary chances just for kicks. Instead, he's cool, calculating and deliberate."

Carl once strolled into a squadroom and found two pilots arguing whether a jet could loop and land in one sweeping, circular motion. One flier insisted it couldn't be done; the other said it could. Carl was asked to settle the question.

Before answering, the Colonel reached into his pocket, broke out his slide rule, made a few casual calculations, then remarked, "Sure, it can be done."

For further proof, Col. Carl took off across the field, climbed into his jet and made a perfect loop and landed.

Startled ground observers, who were probably witnessing another Carl "first," couldn't believe it was the usually reserved Col. Carl, who never takes reckless chances. What they didn't know, however, was that he had first proved to himself, mathematically, that the maneuver would be successful.

Scientists envision a future of interplanetary travel—with week-end tourist trips to the moon. But as of today—the mortal who has been closer to the moon than any other contemporary human being is a tall, quiet-spoken United States Marine—from Hubbard, Oregon.

END



Books Reviewed

FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE. By Major Donald E. Keyhoe, USMC (Ret'd.) Non-fiction. Henry Holt and Company, New York.

Price \$3.00

When Hamlet told his friend, "There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy," he wasn't referring to flying saucers. But around the year 1600 when Shakespeare wrote the line, another civilization on another planet may have been turning out crude flying machines at the same rate that 15th Century workmen were building drawbridges and digging moats around castles.

Donald Keyhoe, retired Marine Corps Major, doesn't make this statement in his book, *Flying Saucers From Outer Space*, but it's one of the many impressions readers will have when they've finished reading Mr. Keyhoe's startling report on the enigma which has plagued Air Force officials since 1947.

The title connotes science-fiction reading, and will probably attract buyers who are seeking that type, but the author has taken abrupt steps in his early pages to dispel the idea that this is just another "guessing game" treatise. The sighting reports and other information on which the reader is invited to base conclusions were made available to Mr. Keyhoe by the Air Technical Intelligence Center—and the Air Technical Intelligence Center does not deal in science-fiction.

In the manner of any other fine writer, the Major simply *infers* his own theories, and supplies thousands of words of evidence to convert doubting readers. Details of the haggling and bickering between the author and the Air Force about clearance of facts, form a chain throughout the book—a chain which serves to shackle the evidence to but one conclusion—that the flying saucers are controlled, interplanetary machines.

With paragraph after paragraph, page after page, of sighting accounts, the author lays a granite foundation upon which he builds soft speculation which rapidly turns to cold, hard fact under the analysis of recognized scientists. The repetition of saucer sighting accounts would bring reader monotony if it did not arouse, from sighting to

sighting, a desire in the mind of the reader to find a difference in speed here, a change of color there, or a variation in maneuvers or size of the mysterious objects.

found them.

One of the Major's first stones needed blasting. Doctor Donald Menzel, a Harvard astronomer, had advanced a few theories, intended to debunk the saucers as mirages or other illusions. One of Menzel's pet theories blamed some of the sightings on temperature inversion—layers of hot and cold air.

Weather Bureau men told Keyhoe that a temperature inversion could produce a mirage, but that it would take a difference of from five to ten degrees on the Centigrade scale. And there would have to be turbulence between the layers of air. The Major pointed out the July 20th visitation of the saucers over Washington National Airport and asked a few questions. The Weather Bureau stated that there had been no turbulence at that time, and the temperature inversion had been barely two degrees.

But the negative side of the problem served only as an elimination process. What the saucers were *not* wouldn't answer the question of what they might be.

Undoubtedly, the Major is deeply indebted to a Canadian scientist, Mr. Wilbur B. Smith, for the enlightening information which gives the soundest credence to the belief that the saucers are planetary machines. In an interview between the author and the scientist, the observations of the UFOs are accepted at face value, and their mechanical function and capabilities are theoretically explained. This, in itself, is a far cry over the simple sighting reports which, of necessity, had to end with the hopeless phrase, "No conclusion."

Perhaps one of the side issues discussed in the Major's book is as important as the UFOs themselves. On occasions, there have been sightings of green fireballs and reddish lights which have suddenly come down to 200 feet and exploded. The possibility that these objects were guided to their destination and detonated by remote control would indicate that they could be small flying bombs used in a test and sent out from the saucers or mother ship.

The book covers many facets, too, but they are probably as numerous as the people who will read the book, for each will read into the facts his own conclusion. A few, however, will cling to the evasion axiom: "Nothing concrete; no wreckage; no bodies; no material objects."

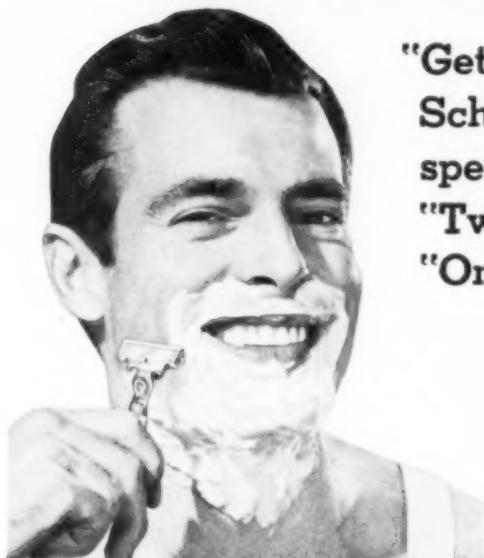
Karl Schuon



The breakdown on these sightings is, in itself, sufficient material to cause concern. It traces a pattern of locations where saucers might logically be sent by a space civilization who wished to observe earthly doings. Classifications of these Unidentified Flying Objects, UFOs in the jargon peculiar to the Pentagon, show wide differences in both types and speeds.

But realization that the observation and description of these UFOs could not satisfy the questions of a puzzled reading public, Major Keyhoe wandered deeply into the dark scientific woods, turning up stones wherever he

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